



No. 342.—VOL. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



ALAS, POOR LOBENGULA!

*The amorous Prince, from a Photograph taken in "Savage South Africa" by R. Johnson, King's Road, S.W.
(A good Photograph of Miss Jewell is given on the next page.)*

LOBENGULA'S ELOPEMENT.

The name of "Prince" Lobengula is on every lip in London. When the Directors of the Earl's Court Exhibition engaged with the management of "Savage South Africa" for the production of this splendid show, they could not have foreseen the scandal which has arisen from it. That white women should go into such raptures about these men, that their admiration should be so misinterpreted by the natives, and that one of our own people, a girl of twenty-one, should move all the powers that be in order to marry a Matabele, were events which the most astute of managers could not anticipate.

Yet London has been at fever-heat for a week in watching for the matrimonial alliance of "Prince" Lobengula with Miss Florence Kate Jewell, the daughter of a mining-engineer who, happily for himself, is deceased. For several days, thanks to the publicity of the Press, excitement reigned supreme regarding these unfortunate circumstances, and it did not end with the reported departure of the ill-assorted pair last Friday evening for Southampton, booked for South Africa, where Lobengula formerly occupied a very menial position. It appears that, after their fruitless efforts to get married in an Earl's Court church, they stopped in town, and drove on Saturday to Dr. Tristram, who revoked the marriage licence.

Time alone can reveal what the future has in store for the pair, but, in any case, the lady's lot, like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, may not be "a happy one."

One of the results of her infatuation for the "Prince" is a demand in certain quarters for the closing of the Kraal at Earl's Court. Into the moral aspect of the exhibition of the natives at close quarters, I do not care to enter. But, from the showman's point of view, the closing of the Kraal would not mean a monetary loss, for, if the visitors to Earl's Court could not see the savages in one place, they would be able to do so in another.

If the Kraal were closed to the public, the capacious Empress Theatre would be still more crowded than it has hitherto been. And, as events have proved, that is the proper place for the display of these dusky fellows, who would then be beyond the reach of a personal adulation which they do not understand, and which, as a matter of course, they consequently misinterpret.

I believe that the managers of "Savage South Africa" are sincere in their desire to preserve order and respect public feeling, and they may be trusted to do the right thing.

CHARLES MORTON.

Among the great benefactors of a nation should be reckoned those who have chiefly added to its gaiety, and of these, Charles Morton, aptly called the "Father of the Music-Halls"—being the creator of the "variety" form of entertainment and the oldest of our amusement caterers—is *facile princeps*. Yesterday this popular veteran attained his eightieth year, and, although physically he may not be as strong as when he started his Saturday-night "free and easies" at the old Canterbury Tavern, in the Westminster Bridge Road, sixty years ago, yet he possesses a mind not only as vigorous, but more richly stored with that ripe experience which is invaluable to him to-day in managing the beautiful Hall known as the Palace of Varieties. It is a far cry to the days when Lily, the daughter of Charles Morton, assisted by the daughter of the ground-landlord of the Canterbury Tavern, laid the first stone of the Hall in the rear of the tavern where he had first started his sing-songs, and where he hung the precursors of his subsequent Picture Gallery humorously styled by *Punch* the "Royal Academy Over the Water"; but we ever cling to our *premières amours*, so it will not surprise you to find that Charles Morton has many an affectionate remembrance of the Hall which he created and ran for seventeen years.

It is with absorbing interest that you listen to his talk about some of his chief artists, among them Augustus Braham, Miss Turpin, Miss Russell, Sam Cowell, and William Mackney, who were a few of the "plums" of his variety entertainment. His motto has always been, "The best of everything," so that you will not be astonished to hear that he paid his artists enormous salaries, as salaries then ruled—for instance, he paid Picot, the famous pipe-player, £50 a-week during an

engagement of six months, and Carlozzi's Hungarian band received £100 a-week. These were large sums in the early 'fifties. But, although Charles Morton has been always an enthusiast in music, he had, and has still, a very tender leaning towards art. His Picture Gallery, which contained works valued at £60,000, was his great pride, and, like many other big collections, had but a small beginning, three or four pictures forming the nucleus. One was the replica of Rosa Bonheur's famous "Horse Fair." This picture Mr. Morton purchased for £1500. It is now, I believe, somewhere in New York. A Skye-terrier, by the same artist, and a group of sheep, also painted by Rosa Bonheur in the studio, near Windsor, of the picture-dealer, M. Gambard (who is now ninety), formed the modest commencement of the great gallery, which was dispersed, alas, when the attempted flotation of the Oxford and Canterbury Music Halls proved a failure.

Previous to that event, however, Charles Morton had, in 1861, started the Oxford on the site of the old Boar and Castle, at the junction of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street. Here first-class talent was engaged, Santley, Miss Russell, Miss Poole, Mdlle. Parepa, and Levy, the cornet-player, being among the chief artists.

Ten years later, after the Oxford had passed into other hands, Mr. Morton undertook the management of the Philharmonic, nominally under the proprietorship of Mr. Charles Head, a well-known racing-man of the time. Here "condensed operas" were in vogue, after some difficulty as to what constituted a theatrical performance had been overcome, while the Colonna Quadrille Trio, assisted by a wild dancer known as "Wiry Sal" (Sarah Wright), brought big business to the house. But the Philharmonic's best days will be remembered by mention of Mr. Morton's production of the opera-bouffe entitled "Généviève de Brabant," with a cast which included Selina Dolaro, John Rouse, Clara Vesey, and Emily Soldene.

In conjunction with Mr. John Hollingshead, Mr. Charles Morton produced "Madame Angot," at the Opéra Comique, from which theatre it was transferred to the Gaiety, while in the next year Mr. Morton accompanied the Soldene Opéra-Comique Company to America, causing him a loss, however, of over £6000. Bright halcyon days marked his association with the Alhambra as manager, where the dividends rose to 40 per cent. per annum.

Afterwards lured to the Tivoli, to pick that Hall out of the slough of bankruptcy, he managed by his marvellous organising ability to reward the confidence of the shareholders with a dividend of considerably over 20 per cent.; while a still more signal success has attended his management of the Palace. When he was first appointed, it may be remembered that the fortunes of the Palace were at such a low ebb that Sir Augustus Harris, then Chairman, actually

offered 2000 shares at the nominal figure of sixpence a share. The shares are now paying 20 per cent. dividend.

Probably the great secret of Mr. Charles Morton's success as a manager has been that, through his long experience, he could always diagnose the tastes of the public, and, while holding his finger on the pulse of his patrons, provide the dietary which he knew would give them the healthful and entertaining amusement they required. Perhaps his successful treatment has never had better exposition than in his introduction of the Tableaux Vivants and the far-famed American Biograph, which are marked events in the annals of his management at the Palace.

To speak of Mr. Morton apart from his managerial duties is to open up a vista of years marked by warm friendships, kindled by sincere admiration of his kindly heart and invariable sincerity of purpose. Universal congratulation and expressions of "many, many happy returns of the day" were predominant yesterday at the Palace Theatre.—T. H. L.



MISS KATIE JEWELL, LOBENGULA'S FIANCEE.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Greatly to the satisfaction of that part of the world, the annual Braemar Gathering will be held this autumn in one of the Queen's Grass Parks—that is to say, a very short distance from Balmoral. The opening ceremonies will take place on Thursday, Sept. 7, and every house in the vicinity will entertain large parties, the more so that the Queen will be present in person, accompanied by all the members of the royal family who happen at that time to be staying with her Majesty in her Highland home.

HOW DREYFUS WAS "BIOGRAPHED."

This is a breathless story of resource and enterprise. The Biograph and Mutoscope Company for France sent their photographer from Paris with instructions to photograph Captain Dreyfus at Rennes.

The artist of the camera packed up his traps and went, but it was several days before he scored a point. Then he made friends with a certain person—no names, mind you!—who lived somewhere opposite the prison, and who put a room, towards the front of the house, at his disposal.

Here the intrepid man had to build a scaffolding in order to get the necessary view of the prison-yard. The prison authorities twigged the game, and, in their turn, built a screen which reached all along the prison-wall and entirely blocked out the view of the courtyard where Dreyfus was in the habit of exercising for an hour or so daily.

The photographer moved the next piece on the board, putting up a barricade in front of his camera to conceal both himself and the instrument. Here he passed three tedious days; but the reward came when the prison people took it for granted that the "Biograph" gentleman was tired of the fun and



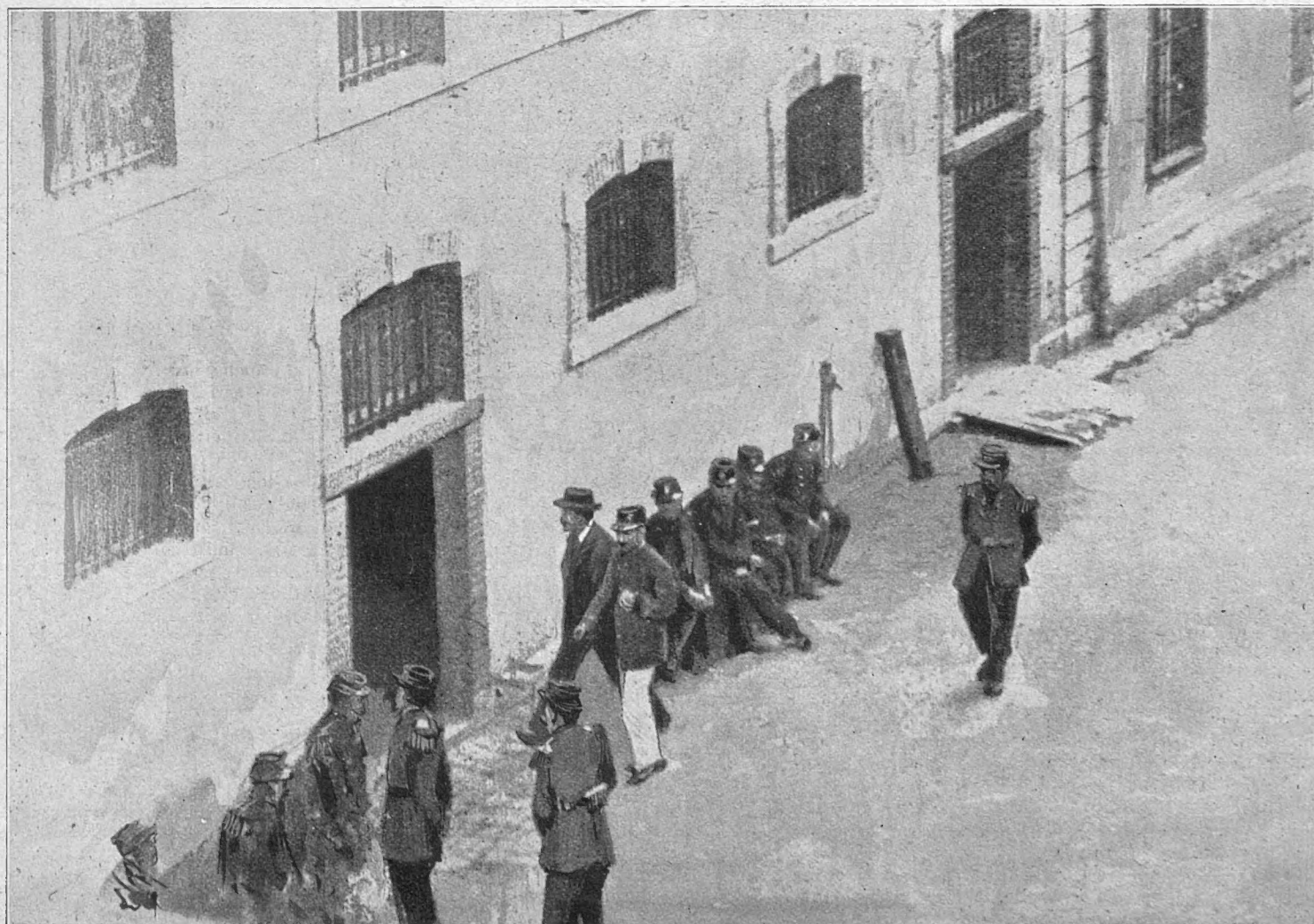
Mdme. Dreyfus and M. Mathieu Dreyfus.

MADAME DREYFUS AND HER BROTHER-IN-LAW LEAVING THE PRISON IN WHICH CAPTAIN DREYFUS IS CONFINED AT RENNES.

pulled down their screen. Now the time of excitement was at hand. The moment Dreyfus appeared in the yard, down went the photographer's board, and the machine was set in motion. The noise caused by the camera, however, attracted the attention of the sentries, who speedily hustled the Captain through the nearest door. After this, the screen was replaced on the prison-wall, and there it remains to this day.

But the "Biograph" man had done well by his company, and you may see the result of his work on this page of *The Sketch* and at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, where the "Biograph" is so great an attraction. This is only one incident of the great Dreyfus drama, but it is far from being the least interesting. The accounts of the re-trial are, to put it mildly, vague; but it seems that the prisoner is keeping himself well in hand, and preserving

some outward show of composure. It is fervently to be hoped that Madame Dreyfus, and the other members of the family, including the Captain's devoted brother, will stand the prolonged strain with as much courage and fortitude.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS (IN MUFT) BEING HURRIED THROUGH THE PRISON-YARD AT RENNES—BUT THE "BIOGRAPH" MAN "TOOK" HIM.

Copyright Photos of British Mutoscope and Biograph Company, Limited.

BLACK GROUSE.

BY FLORENCE ANNA FULCHER.

The news that black grouse are increasing in number on many Scotch moors—notably in Ross-shire, where red grouse and ptarmigan, more exposed to the dangers of storm in the open, have been comparatively scarce since the great snowstorms of 1894-95—is good news to all lovers of wild birds.

This species, with its glossy dark plumage and lyre-shaped tail, is one of the handsomest of our native game-birds. Its habits also are attractive and interesting, while the scenes it frequents—wooded uplands below the bleakest heights, where some stream, grown from its early trickle higher up to a swift and shallow river with a pebbly bed—associate for ever with its presence pleasant memories to those whose privilege it is to visit its haunts.

Just between the open heather and the woods, where spruce and fir grow thick, and white-stemmed birch and crimson-berried ash and red-leaved maple are relieved against the dark background; between the open moor and the wood—between the beat of its wilder relatives, the red grouse and ptarmigan, and the woodland shelter of its shy cousin, the capercaillie—it keeps generally to the near neighbourhood of a stream where the overflow of mountain floods or the morasses caused by fallen trees conduce to swamps where rush and alder grow, albeit the bilberry- and cranberry-bushes of a dry hillside grow their tempting fruit near by.

Never shall I forget the delight of pursuing a family of black grouse through the heather and the tussocks of rough grass on the banks of the Ettrick. The neighbouring fields were dotted with "black cras," and spotted with the "bonny white pickmaws" that had come down from their great nursery on the shores of Loch St. Mary to help to eat young voles. A sparrowhawk from the fine woods of Bohill sat on a rail, gorged, and the great hills rising beyond harboured the short-eared owls, who, contrary to their usual habit, had remained to spend the summer, tempted by the unusual abundance of food. The river ran in clear shallows of copper and blue over its stony course, and where we trod in the brown pasture, so richly green as a rule, that bordered its banks, the hummocks of grass fell like shocks of corn at the touch of our feet, severed completely at the roots by the raids of the field-mice, those pretty but destructive little creatures.

We had left the dog-cart on the road and walked some quarter-of-a-mile along the stream before any game-birds came in sight, when suddenly, with a loud cackle and great commotion of dark wings, five black grouse rose almost at our feet, flew some forty feet ahead, then disappeared again into the dead grass. This manœuvre they repeated for some distance, putting a greater distance between them and our pursuing selves, however, each time they rose. It is characteristic of the half-educated instincts of nearly all birds except the rook and the wood-pigeon, and perhaps the impertinent kiwee of New Zealand, that the pursuer who is armed only with a friendly field-glass should be subject to the same suspicion as the man who carries a gun. Nor do we blame any of the game-birds for their wise distrust. Had we been shooting, these birds would hardly have escaped death; as it was, we came near enough to see the sun shine on the iridescent purple gloss of the dark back and head, to note the laboured flapping of the rounded black wings and the lyre-shaped spreading of the tail each time the bird alighted. Presently they grew tired of the game, and, flying higher and stronger, were soon lost to sight round a distant spur of the opposite hillside.

The blackcock is polygamous, and, like the capercaillie, engages in desperate fights at its pairing stations in spring. Anyone who wishes to observe this curious episode in the natural habits of polygamous birds cannot do better than repair to one of the regular "lek-stalls" of the blackcock on the hillside, where, in the grey dawn, the champions meet, while their ladies stand by to egg them on and award the prize. On the Cheviots above Alnwick several such stations may easily be found. They are well known in the neighbourhood, as the birds repair to the same spots year after year. On the Scotch hills and the Devonshire moors, the Welsh mountain-sides also—wherever black grouse are plentiful—they may be found.

The battle-royal having ended in the dispersion or death of his rivals, and the possession of a suitable number of brides, Master Blackcock dances attendance on his harem for a short season, and then leaves them to undertake the bringing up of the family while he disports himself *en garçon*. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," seems to be his rule of life. "For to-morrow we die"—Alas! this is bitterly significant in the horoscope of game-birds. However, in all states of life there is compensation—a short life and a merry one seems to be theirs, and perhaps, as Sir Herbert Maxwell has so happily remarked, "Tis better to be hatched and shot than never to be hatched at all." I wonder what the blackcock really thinks of it.

Most strange, perhaps, of all the freaks of distribution that limit certain birds to certain areas is the persistence with which black grouse refuse to be acclimatised in Ireland. There, to unbirdlike eyes, all the attractions of heather-clad hills bordered by woods and streams are to be found; climates to match every shade of Scotch weather, from the grey mist of a "saft day" to the perpetual snows that have christened "Slieve Snadt"—yet the blackcock have never wandered there, and refuse all inducement to colonise. Perhaps they object to islands, for the Orkneys, the Shetlands, the Outer Hebrides, and the Channel Islands, the Faroes and Iceland, are also tabooed. But surely England is an island?

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

America sends us two of the few tolerable books of this dull season. One of them, "Characteristics" (Macmillan), by Dr. Weir Mitchell, has a thread of story running through it, but it is mainly a record of conversations between a man and his friends, a book of the "Friends in Council" order. They were a refined, intellectual, gentle set, various enough in temperament to be interesting, quick-brained, speculative, emotional, possessing all the qualities of stimulating talkers, in fact. It is, I hope, not hard criticism to say that, save for the eminent physician's name on the title-page, one might guess the author to be a woman. Feminine sensibility is over it all, and makes for strength as well as weakness. This is only one more example of a fact too little noted—that the American intellect up to the present time has been mainly feminine in quality, as we Europeans understand the word.

Dr. Mitchell's picture of the poet of the company may be accounted for in such a way, or it may be due to the ordinary misconception of a poet's demeanour. I doubt if even Shelley were as graceful and amiable, when the mood was on him, as the St. Clair of this book. And, for the most part, during the period of conception poets are secretive and ferocious animals. His friends catch St. Clair making poetry about a fawn—

"Is this the way they make verse?" whispered Vincent.

We need not have feared to disturb him. St. Clair was at times more simple than a child with its mother. He turned, in no wise embarrassed. The mood of wrapt, fanciful thought was gone, and, sitting up, he said pleasantly, "Ah, you heard me. By Zeus! But a fawn I was for the moment."

We come to the conclusion that St. Clair was a very minor poet indeed. But Dr. Mitchell is out of his element when dealing with poets. He is a physician, learned in the maladies of mind and body, with a passion for the study of character and temperament. The discussion of conduct under various circumstances, the observation of personality, and notes of cases, form the main base for the speculation in the book, and, while there is nowhere anything very profound or complicated, there is abundance of suggestion to be found by the leisurely reader for further conversations between himself and his own friends.

The other American book I have referred to is in manner and matter the poles apart from "Characteristics." "The Short Line War" (Macmillan), by Merwin-Webster, is hard and dry as a bone in its style and material. A romance, nevertheless, of a thrilling kind for such as can get at it through a maze of business details. A railway war, with all the circumstance of war—strategy, spying, secret movements, actual physical collision, nerves, brains, and muscles all strained to the snapping point, is the theme. The prize of a beautiful and plucky young lady at the end hardly counts in the romance, where ledgers and rails and cars and telephones are the chief actors, and actors enough for readers that are not repelled by the details of a fight quite as ferocious and a great deal less chivalrous than traditional warfare. Mr. Merwin-Webster has told his tale with the hard energy and the clear capability which the subject demands. Young business-men will perhaps be his most interested readers. The older ones, as a relaxation from the financial columns of the newspaper, prefer, I believe, something softer, something more romantic in the old-fashioned sense.

In the quiet season appears a little volume of poems of more than ordinary interest. It is the joint work of Mr. and Mrs. Lee-Hamilton, and is called "Forest Notes" (Richards). Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton is well known as a translator of Dante, and as an ardent cultivator of the poetic art through years of ill-health. His sonnets, refined and graceful, have gained him a wide reputation. Now a new lease of strength has given to his verse a heartier ring. There is the breath of the out-of-door world in "Forest Notes." His wife till now has been known chiefly as a writer of fiction. Her early success with "Joanna Traill, Spinster," had creditable followers, and it will be a pleasant surprise to many that she possesses also a very distinguished talent for verse. Her muse is of a frankly human mood, and the warm human ring in her poems, with their musical rhythm, should gain them popularity. Her destiny is to write novels, from a woman's point of view; but no one need regret her holiday from fiction when it finds such expression as this—

Lo! we reach the results of life
With a hush of heart and brain
That is mute regret for the strife
We shall never know again.

Although we may conquering rise,
We shall look with yearning sweet,
And a smart in the sun-dimmed eyes,
To the years when we knew defeat;
And the crown of the life's success
We shall wear with yearning vain
For the years of our loveliness,
And the joy we then called pain.

G. O.

As the time-honoured "clay" has had to give place to the "briar-root," it is probable that before long the latter will have to yield the field entirely to the all-pervading cigarette. A tobacconist with a large *clientèle* seems, at any rate, to have this dread, for he has been declaring that for every single pipe he now sells, a dozen years ago he sold ten, and he not unnaturally fears the time is not distant when pipe-smoking will be as rare as snuff-taking. The universality of the cigarette is patent to the least observant; has it been noticed, at the same time, that comparatively few elderly men favour this form of nicotine?



A WELCOME TO THE COLOSSUS OF AFRICA.

This is one of the many Addresses of Welcome presented to Mr. Rhodes on his return to the Cape after his recent visit to England. Observe the magic letters "D.C.L."! Cape Colony is far too small for loyal Afrianders. Their cry is, "Africa for Rhodes, and Rhodes for Africa!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AMBROSE JARMAN, CLAREMONT, CAPE COLONY.

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FROM	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria ... dep.	9 13	10 30	11 35	...	1 45	...	3 55	...	5 55
London Bridge ...	9 40	10 25	...	11 40	...	1 50	...	4 0	4 55
Portsmouth ... arr.	12 5	12 55	1 41	2 16	3 50	4 22	5 55	6 39	6 58
Ryde ...	12 50	1 40	2 20	3 0	4 30	5 10	6 35	7 20	7 50
Sandown ...	1 40	2 18	2 45	3 18	4 57	5 45	7 0	8 19	8 50
Shanklin ...	1 49	2 24	2 50	3 45	5 4	5 50	7 5	8 25	8 50
Ventnor ...	2 0	2 35	3 10	3 36	5 15	6 0	7 15	8 37	9 0
Cowes ...	1 25	3 17	3 17	3 35	6 0	6 0	7 51	7 55	9 5
Newport ...	2 18	3 5	3 5	3 55	6 25	6 25	8 44	8 44	8 55
Freshwater ...	3 35	3 35	3 35	4 46	6 58	6 58	9 30	9 30	9 30

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Rhyl ...	arr.	p.m.	p.m.	
		2 32	4 30	6 53
Colwyn Bay ...		3 3	4 50	7 33
Llandudno ...		3 30	5 20	7 40
Penmaenmawr ...		4 8	5 22	7 35
Bangor ...		3 24	5 43	7 55
Pwllheli ...		5 5	...	9 50
Criccieth ...		5 8	...	9 38

London (Euston) ...	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
		9 30	11 0	2 35
Barnmouth ...	arr.	p.m.	p.m.	
		4 35	5 55	...
Aberystwyth ...		4 20	5 31	9 45

CENTRAL WALES.

London (Euston) ...	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
		11 0	1 30	...
Llandrindod Wells ...	arr.	p.m.	p.m.	
		4 15	7 5	...
Llangammarch Wells ...		4 52	7 38	...
Llanwrtyd Wells ...		5 5	7 44	...

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London (Euston) ...	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
		10 25	11 30	...
Blackpool ...	arr.	p.m.	p.m.	
		4 0
Morecambe ...		4 3
Windermere ...		4 40
Keswick	6 0	...

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Euston, August 1899.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

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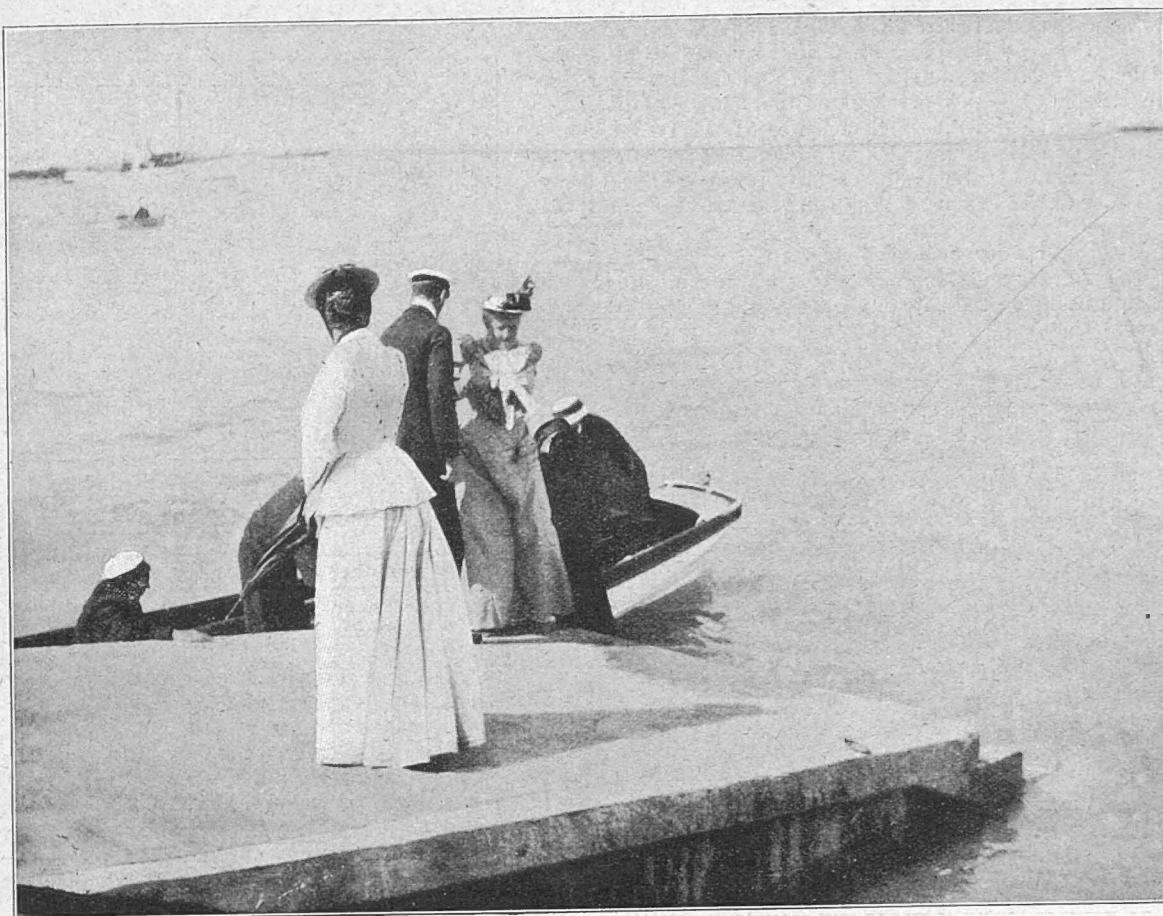
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Charming, graceful, and playfully humorous with her intimates, the Princess of Wales still preserves her youthful appearance to a remarkable degree, as will be made clear to all who are fortunate enough to see the beautiful new portrait of her Royal Highness painted by the distinguished and fashionable French artist, M. Benjamin Constant. It has evidently been a labour of love on the part of M. Constant, who has chosen a novel pose, and has been most successful in securing an excellent likeness. What a wonderful painter M. Constant is! The specimens of his genius exhibited in Bond Street were the admired of all admirers during the past London Season.

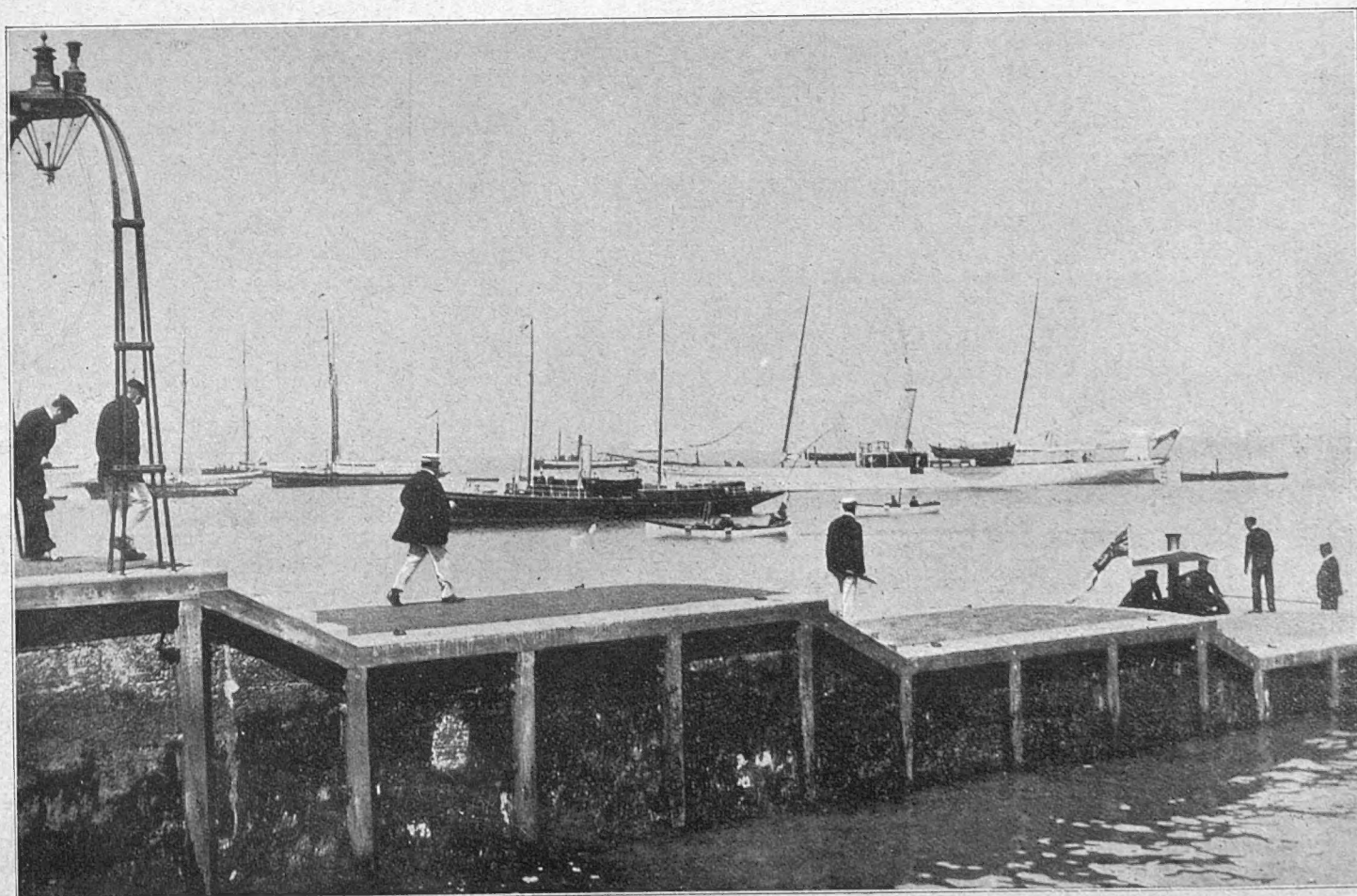
The latest photographs taken of her Majesty at Osborne were by the well-known Dublin firm, Messrs. Chancellor and Son. I hear they are very faithful likenesses of the Queen.



ROYAL VISITORS AT COWES: THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON LANDING STAGE.

One member of my vast army of snapshot artists has been down to Cowes, and, since he can satisfy the readers of *The Sketch* that the Prince of Wales's royal knee is absolutely and undoubtedly in first-class working order, his labour has not been in vain. Observe the impetuous manner in which his Royal Highness is hastening down to the launch; but he has been outstripped by the Duke of York, who is perhaps intending to help his father on board. The scene of this little domestic comedy is laid on the Royal

Yacht Squadron Landing Place. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York also fell unconscious victims to the smartness of the demon. The Princess has landed first, and is waiting for the Duchess, who is just being assisted out of the boat. I should like to know exactly who the black gentleman (or lady) may be, but, at any rate, it is a feverishly loyal hand that steadies the boat while her Royal Highness is disembarking.

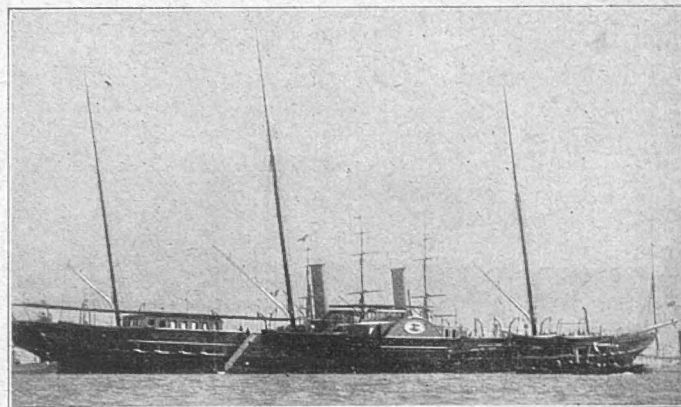


The Prince of Wales. The Duke of York.
ROYAL VISITORS AT COWES: THE PRINCE SHOWS HIS KNEE'S "O.K."

Amongst the other happy people who escaped the heat of London down at Cowes this August were Lord and Lady Iveagh, on board the *Cetonia*. Lord Iveagh is a keen yachtsman. On his right in the photo is Lady Marguerite Blake, who is also interested in the sport. Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Lister-Kaye were living on board the *Susan*, which they had hired for the occasion, and one noticed here and there Princess Henry of Pless and Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Lady Tweeddale, Lady C. Hay, and the Baron and Baroness von Eckhardstein. The Prince of Wales presided at the annual R.Y.S. meeting, when the only two new members elected were Lord Iveagh's son, Mr. Rupert Guinness, and Mr. Daniel Cooper. The most important entertainment of the week was the huge dinner-party given by Comte and Comtesse de Castellane to the Prince of Wales on board the *Valhalla*.

The German Emperor did not leave much time over for other people to get a look-in, but the *Laurea* and *Anna* raced for a French Cup in fine style. Owing to a mistake on the part of the *Laurea*, the race was

suited the Queen as a summer resort. Each year the question arises as to whether the Court should not go straight to Scotland on leaving Windsor; it is, however, essential that the Queen should be within a comparatively short distance of town while Parliament is actually

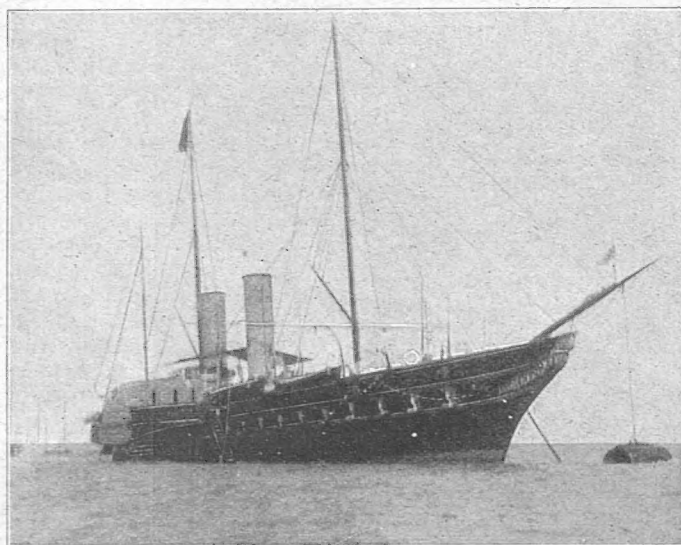


THE QUEEN'S YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," OFF COWES.

sitting. Again, the Queen's nearest relations, notably Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Prince of Wales, are very fond of Osborne, and during the Cowes fortnight the Prince has more opportunity of seeing the Queen than at any other time of the year.

The Marquis of Graham, whose majority celebrations have set Buchanan Castle agog, is not the first of his house to take to the sea. Lord George Graham, son of the first Duke of Montrose, was a most daring sailor. He entered the Navy as a mere boy, and became captain of a ship, appropriately called the *Adventurer*, in 1740, and of the *Lark* in 1741. When commanding H.M.S. *Bridgewater* (24 guns), he had a curious adventure, which, I am afraid, has been forgotten. In company with H.M.S. *Sheerness* and H.M.S. *Ursula*, he bore down one fine day in 1745 on three French privateers who had captured seven British merchantmen in the North Sea and were taking them to Dunkirk. The three British men-of-war tackled the Frenchmen off Ostend and routed them, capturing all save a dogger of 12 guns, and one of the privateers, which went ashore. In consequence of his feat, Lord George got a bigger ship, the *Nottingham*, of 60 guns. With this he managed to sink a French privateer called the *Bacchus*, in December 1746, but he was taken ill on his way home, and died on the vessel.

Few engagements rival in general interest that of Lord Castlereagh, the eldest son and heir of Lord Londonderry, and Miss Edith Chaplin, the eldest daughter of the President of the Local Government Board, one of

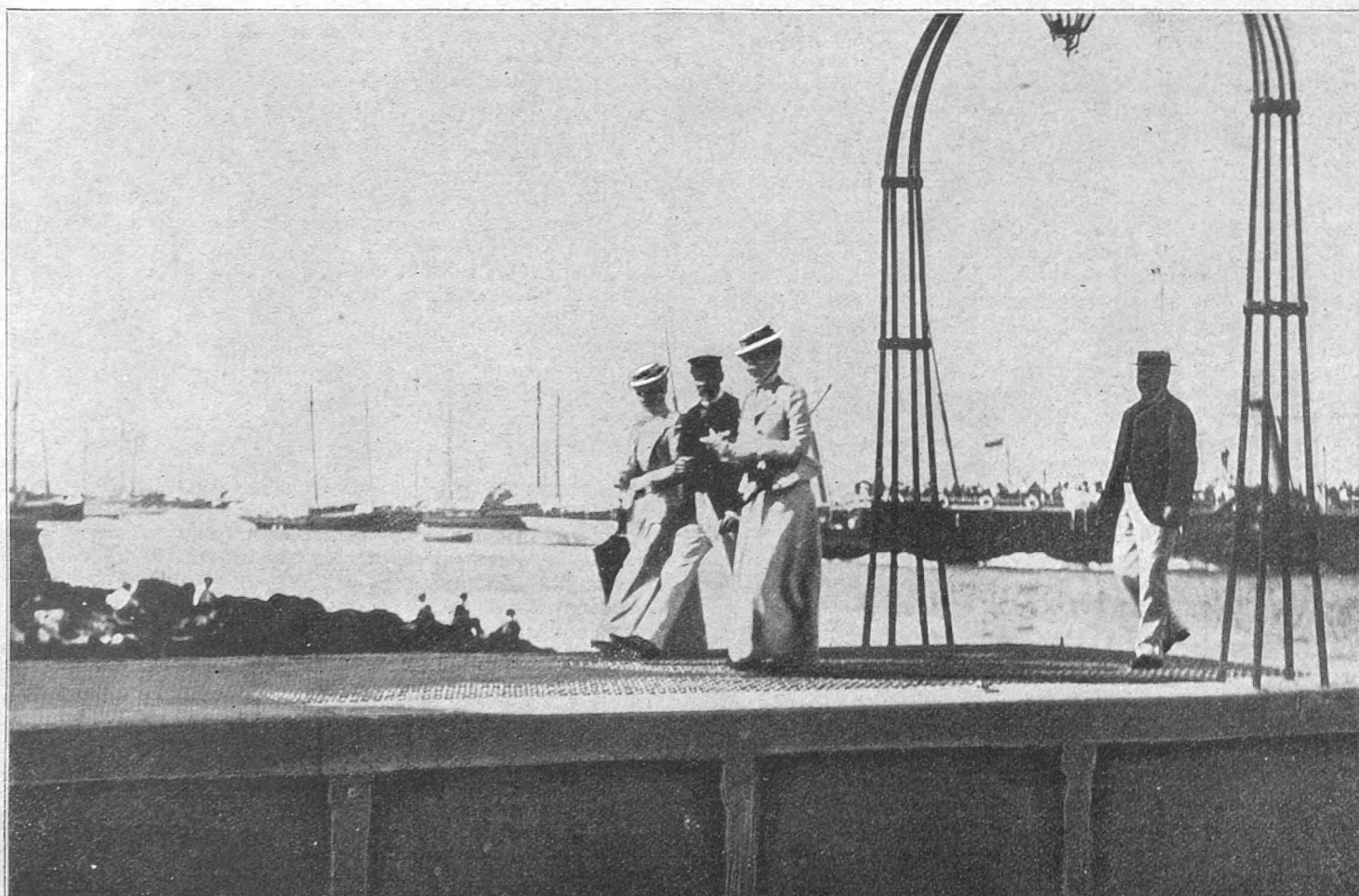


THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT, "OSBORNE."

On board which the Prince and Princess of Wales were during Cowes week.

more exciting than might have been expected. She went out of her course at the Warner, and had to re-cover some of the water, but just won after all. By the way, the *Meteor* won her fifth race on Aug. 9.

The Court is expected to arrive on Deeside on Saturday, Sept. 2. It is well known in her Majesty's entourage that Osborne has never really



VISITORS AT COWES: LADY MARGUERITE BLAKE AND LORD AND LADY IVEAGH.

the most popular and remarkable personalities now in the House of Commons. The young Viscount, who is heir to one of the greatest fortunes in the peerage, is, as are all Lord and Lady Londonderry's children, exceptionally good-looking. He has been for two years a popular officer in the "Blues," but his military duties do not prevent his spending a good deal of time on his father's Irish estates, where he is very much beloved, and during the Season he and his beautiful sister, Lady Helen Stewart, are inseparable.

Miss Chaplin is, through her mother, Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Sutherland, closely connected with most of the Scottish nobility. She is a first cousin of the young Countess of Cromartie, with whom she has spent a good deal of her girlhood, the two cousins being frequently chaperoned by their aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland, for Lady Florence Chaplin died two days after the birth of her youngest child—that is to say, in 1881. The future Lady Castlereagh, who is six months younger than her fiancé, has seen a great deal of political as well as of general society. When in town, Mr. Chaplin's headquarters have been for many years at Stafford House, and, accordingly, his three children have been intimately associated from their birth with that section of the world which Lord Beaconsfield used to style "the high nobility."

It was unfortunate that the announcement of the engagement should have been immediately followed by the news of an accident to Lord Castlereagh. His horse fell, and he received an injury to his head. As perfect quiet was necessary, the ball arranged by Lord and Lady Londonderry to take place at Wynyard Park had to be cancelled at the last moment.

It is remarkable of the Dreyfus affair that none of the women connected with it are of capital importance to the drama. In this

particular the intrigue differs totally from the famous one of the diamond necklace, which agitated society a century ago, in which women played the first parts. In the present affair the women are all in second plan. Either they are victims or else their parts are incidental. Even the mysterious veiled lady had but a momentary rôle, and has never designed herself clearly on the retina of her contemporaries. Therefore, the future Carlyles and Sardous who shall



HOLBEIN'S RECORD SWIM: FEEDING OUT OF A BOTTLE.

dip into this subject for dramatic material will be obliged, in order to give them the necessary importance, to force greatly the feminine parts.

Still, future literature will find that the feminine figures, auxiliary as they are, have a considerable dramatic value, and will be well worth developing in a plot. One has only to glance over some of the women gathered to-day at Rennes to understand. There is first the wife of the victim, the calm, confident young figure robed in black, who, in manifesting an extraordinary energy, has, with a no less extraordinary delicacy, accomplished the miracle of keeping herself out of the public view (the *Biograph* and *The Sketch* excepted). There is Madame Henry, wife of the falsifier, weighed down with widow's crape, all in being sustained by the fortune amassed for her by the anti-Jews. There is the charming Madame Labori, wife of the celebrated advocate who defended Zola and defends Dreyfus. Madame Labori is English, and the anti-Dreyfusards have denounced this grave fault of her birth as a crime in Maître Labori, which gives her a certain right to immortality. And there is also, with more or less interest in the "affair," Madame Severine, the well-known journalist, who dispenses with one hand wit to the Boulevard, and with the other an inexhaustible charity to the poor; and there are others. But what is important to note of them is that none of them are responsible for the "affair"; that the usual axiom, "look out for the woman," in this case does not apply. The Dreyfus affair is entirely a man's intrigue.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, sojourning just now in Sutherlandshire, will to-day have an opportunity of attending the Invercharron Gathering of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness Highlanders, the leading social event of the season in the North. The Northern meetings at Inverness of late years have declined both in influence and attendance, and the functions at Invercharron, graced by the *élite* of the Highlands and all the notable personages temporarily resident in the district, bid fair to entirely eclipse the time-honoured gathering in the Highland capital. The attractions at Invercharron to-day are more numerous than hitherto. In addition to the usual Highland sports, a band of thirty boys and girls from the Royal Caledonian Asylum will make their first public appearance in Scotland at the meeting, and the Laureate of "Tommy Atkins" can witness a military display, in which a naval contingent, a detachment

of cavalry, and several companies of the 78th Seaforth Highlanders are to take part, in circumstances and surroundings well calculated to enkindle his muse. Mr. Kipling, who is residing at Creich Manse, and for the time a neighbour of the popular Laird of Skibo—who, with



HOLBEIN'S RECORD SWIM: HIS USUAL STROKE.

Mrs. Carnegie and his guests, will grace to-day's event with his presence—has chosen one of the fairest spots in the Highlands in which to recuperate, and his presence (if not his pen) will in itself advertise the beautiful tourist resort on the shores of the Moray Firth where he tarries for a few weeks.

A wonderful athlete is Mr. M. A. Holbein, whose name will be quite familiar to my readers in connection with his performances on the cycle. He now appears before the public as a long-distance swimmer, having on July 27 put another record to his credit by swimming a distance of forty-three miles in 12 hr. 27 min. 43½ sec.

It is interesting to observe how the famous cyclist has developed into the celebrated swimmer. You may remember that Mr. Holbein recently injured his leg in a cycling accident. His doctor advised him to strengthen the leg by swimming, and the intrepid man thereupon set himself the task of swimming the Channel. But, as a trial trip, he took this little journey in the Thames.

The starting-point was Blackwall; he went beyond Gravesend and then back on the flood-tide, finishing in first-rate condition, and anxious to do another seven miles right off the reel, to complete his fifty. His trainer, however, wisely intervened at this juncture, and Mr. Holbein had to be content with one record only for that day. The photographs I reproduce were taken between Greenhithe and Gravesend. In the first he is feeding out of a baby's bottle; in the second he is swimming with his usual half-side, half-back stroke; and in the third he is close to the boat preparatory to receiving food. In the boat are Mrs. Holbein—brave lady!—the reporters of the *Sportsman* and *Sporting Life*, and Professor C. Newman, of the Westminster Baths.

Every day is Trafalgar Day at Portsmouth, judging by the crowds of excursionists in the summer months who visit the *Victory*, that glorious relic of Nelson. Probably of the original flagship of the great Admiral there is not much left, for it has been so constantly renewed, at one time in one place and at another in some other part, that it must be practically a new ship. But, nevertheless, it still attracts crowds of visitors, who put off daily—sometimes to the number of as many as two thousand—to explore this old wooden wall. The watermen do excellently out of this traffic, for the patriotic tripper is generous to a fault, and in a single month the takings from the sale of photographs on board will amount to as much as £70 or £100. After paying out-of-pocket expenses, the balance of profit from these sales goes to that excellent institution, the Seamen's and Marines' Orphan Home.

In the harbour at Port Elizabeth the other day a most interesting boat-race was held, a crew of British bluejackets being pitted against some Malay fishermen.

The five seamen who represented the British Navy were selected from the crew of the cruiser *Doris*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Robert H. Harris, one of the smartest Admirals of the Navy, and at present in command of the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa Squadron. If the seamen thought they were going to have a walk-over, they were greatly mistaken. The Malays gave them a really good race; sometimes the naval men led, and then, again, the Malays would overtake them. Towards the finish, however, the seamen obtained a tactical advantage and managed to win with about a dozen lengths to spare.



HOLBEIN'S RECORD SWIM: "MORE FOOD, PLEASE!"

Very precious to the loyal Highlander is the romantic story of Flora Macdonald's heroism, and, lest future generations should forget the noble girl who saved the fugitive Prince Charles after the field of Culloden, a statue to her memory has been erected on the Castle Hill,



INVERNESS MEMORIAL OF FLORA MACDONALD.

is nine feet in height, and the granite base and pedestal stand about sixteen feet, so that the complete height of the monument is twenty-five feet. The unveiling ceremony was witnessed by several thousands of people.

Although Chatham is so near to London, little has been heard of the great magazines for explosives which the Admiralty are having erected at a cost of about £150,000. The magazines will be some distance from the Royal Dockyard; and the further the better, for, however careful the precautions against accidents, the danger is always there. The magazine near Chattenden Barracks, which is well under way, will be used for cordite ammunition, while powder and shell, for use by the Naval Ordnance Department at Chatham, will be kept in a new magazine, which will also be utilised for other explosives. This new erection will not be far from Upnor Castle, on the banks of the Medway. In fact, this part of the river is to be given over to the dangerous operations of the Ordnance officials, and a little railway is to be run from the river-bank, where a jetty is to be constructed, to Chattenden. These new magazines will greatly facilitate the dealing with large quantities of ammunition, and the consumption of ammunition for practice purposes only is increasing at an amazing rate.

Though Bedford was somewhat tardy in honouring the memory of two world-famous men identified with the locality, it would be ungracious on the part of a brief visitant, who was directed to the statues of John Bunyan and John Howard as two of Bedford's sights, to become captious on that account. It was by the gift of the ninth Duke of Bedford that the town became possessor, a quarter of a century ago, of a massive, finely proportioned, and altogether impressive bronze figure of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress"; and nine years ago, the centenary of his death, a statue commemorative of John Howard, the philanthropist, who once held the office of Sheriff of Bedford, was erected in the Market Square. Mill Street, one of the narrowest of Bedford's thoroughfares, contains both the Bunyan Meeting and Howard Memorial Chapels. The former was founded in the seventeenth century, and the present building, erected in 1849, is understood to be the centre of a crucial episode in "Mark Rutherford's" remarkable volume, "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane." Mr. W. Hale White, the author of the "Mark Rutherford" series of books, knows the South-Midland town well, and it is not at all unlikely that in the mid-century the Mill Street of to-day bore the designation of Tanner's Lane.

To the popularity of the Terrace of the House of Commons, which has been brilliantly enhanced during the past Session by the prolonged spell of glorious weather, may be ascribed the fact that no fewer than 32,263 teas alone were served by the refreshment department. Of this vast number, the greater portion, of course, represented nothing more substantial than the fashionable diet of strawberries-and-cream, with which whole battalions of the fair sex have regaled themselves at the expense—both physical and financial—of their jaded political friends and acquaintances. The number of teas shows an increase over last Session of 558, whilst the dinners have increased from 21,730 to 21,986, and the suppers from 330 to 347. Despite this, however, there is a deficiency in regard to the total number of meals served in the House of 771, although the Committee have effected sales to the amount of £12,692 as against £11,502 in the corresponding period of last year—an increase of £1190. When diet falls off, Parliamentary work suffers.

Last week everyone departed from town, and London remained "positively empty," save for those millions of toiling inhabitants whom Society decides to regard as nobodies. Of all the various attractions to

which the holiday-makers fly, none in certain respects can compare with the grouse, whose "Black Monday" was Saturday last, the 12th inst.; for of all sports there is none, I should suppose, like grouse-shooting to summon its votaries not only from the Palace, the Houses of Parliament, the Courts of Justice, and the City, but from all sorts of outlying European principalities, from our Indian Empire, from distant colonies, and from the haunts of the millionaire in the United States. To Princes of the Blood-royal, to merchant princes, to kings of commercial "corners," and to sporting celebrities in any part of the world, the grouse is an attraction, and the pursuit of him draws them one and all to the North of England and the Highlands of Scotland year after year when the Twelfth of August comes round.

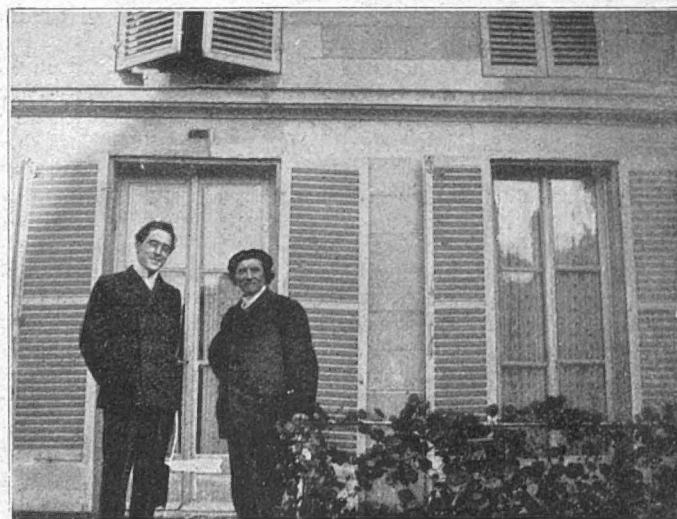
Half-a-century ago, the adventurous sportsman who journeyed to the North to shoot grouse was regarded with more astonishment than the hunter of big-game in Africa is to-day. In those far-off times a jolting of a week or more had to be encountered before the ardent gunner, with his muzzle-loading "Joe Mantons," reached the Scottish heather; but when he reached it, he found much more liberty with regard to his victims than he does in these days of express-trains and strictly preserved shootings. "No one need attempt grouse-shooting who is in delicate health and not well-trained by previous feeding and exercise," writes an old authority; and though things on the "swagger" shootings are made more easy and luxurious than they were fifty years ago, grouse-shooting remains a pleasant and invigorating pastime only to those who can find recreation and health in keen air, early hours, and a considerable amount of exercise.

In my introduction last week to Colonel P. J. Robertson's letter with regard to a new birching apparatus, I should have stated that the machine is in use in Scotland, and not in Holland, as written. But, still, there is no reason why the Dutch should not adopt it, as the machine has been invented for humanity's sake. Why not try it in Pretoria?

Mr. J. S. Catford, of 2, Lansdowne Avenue, Hampton Wick, writes me that he is the authorised photographer to Hampton Court Palace. I regret that Mr. Catford was not credited with the photographs of the wall-pictures recently discovered in the Palace.

Madame Cavallazzi-Mapleson, heroine of ballet in Grand Opera, and hero or villain of ballet at the Empire until the spring of this year, tells me that, on the conclusion of her engagement at the Crystal Palace, she is going to Italy for a few weeks' rest. Madame Mapleson deserves her holiday, and it is to be hoped that the rest will restore her health, which has suffered considerably from overwork. It is not generally known that Madame Mapleson had no understudy at the Empire, and throughout her long career there never once failed the management.

Mr. Laurence Irving, whose name has been a good deal before the public of late, owing to his excellent translation of M. Sardou's "Robespierre," is a man of more than average promise. His recent performance at the Lyceum was very well worth seeing, and he has done a considerable amount of good work in the provinces that Londoners know very little about. I remember seeing him in "Trilby" at Oxford. He had been playing the part of Svengali through the week, and some of the undergraduate critics had been a little severe. I suppose they wanted to show that they didn't mind if he *was* the son of his father. At any rate, the great mass of the Oxford playgoers liked his acting very much, and on the last night of the week they insisted on a speech from the talented young actor. Mr. Laurence Irving came forward,



Laurence Irving. M. Sardou.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBESPIERRE" AND HIS TRANSLATOR AT M. SARDOU'S SUMMER RESIDENCE, CHÂTEAU DE MARLY.

smiling somewhat sardonically. After thanking the audience for their expressions of approval, "Now," he said, "we must part; but, before we part, just one word as to your critics here. I find them as instructive as I know them to be—youthful!" And so, amid a roar of laughter, he retired. Laurence Irving will go far.

The loss of the Duchess of Rutland is felt in Homburg. Her Grace was a regular visitor for over thirty years. The poor of this place have lost by her death a kind friend who was ever ready to help. There were even many people further off, in the villages of the Taunus, to whom the sweet-natured Duchess, in a quiet way, offered substantial assistance. A young lady who was for a short time housekeeper in the villa where the

artistic bridge has been thrown over the street to make a connection with the main building of the Grand.

The old Norman Keep of "the New Castle upon Tyne," erected circa 1172-1177, has been used as a meeting-place by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries for the past half-century, and that Society gave lately a



LORD KITCHENER AND SIR HENRY RAWLINSON AT CURRAGH CAMP.

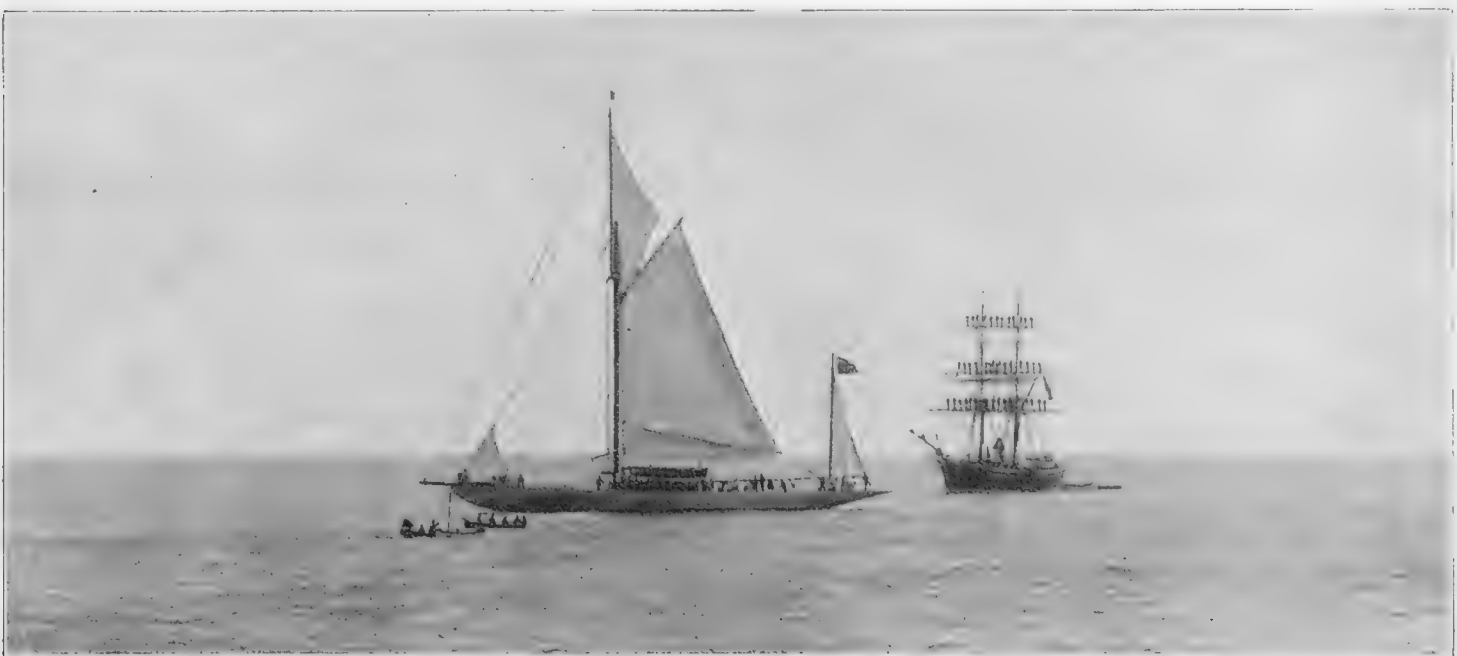


Duchess used to stay tells me of a touching instance of her kindness and consideration. The Duchess of Rutland wanted her to take some fresh air, and sent her off with her own people for a drive in the woods. When the Duchess returned to Homburg the following year, she did not find this young lady at the house; but one day she sent for her and insisted on her accepting the same favour. When Frau Weith, the proprietress of the house, fell ill, the Duchess visited her and stayed for hours together, nursing her and praying and singing with her. I have it on authority that her Grace felt ill when she left England this year; but, as the Duke had to go to Wiesbaden to consult Dr. Pagenstecker, she concealed her real state from him and went with him to the Continent. Her memory will be cherished in Homburg for years. "It may with truth be said that the moving principle of her life was love. Her greatest pleasure was to give pleasure to others; her only anxiety to spare others pain, or even trouble. No one ever sought sympathy from her without finding the kindest, most patient listener, ready and anxious to do her very utmost to help." So the late Duchess of Rutland wrote in memoriam of a friend ("Impressions of a Visit to Homburg," 1882). I think this epitaph very fitting for her own tomb.

The old offices of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with their associations of Frederick Greenwood, John Morley, W. T. Stead, Sir Alfred Milner,

conversazione by way of celebrating the jubilee of its connection with the Keep. The Duke of Northumberland, who is the President of the Society, took part in the proceedings, which were to a large extent musical, the programme of songs being arranged chronologically.

In view of the fear of rain-famine and consequent impoverishment of water-supply, would it not be well for some public attention to be called to the manifold dangers of indiscriminate tree-cutting? At first sight, the connection does not readily appear; but it exists, none the less, and if some of the journals in search of a Silly Season correspondence would direct it into the question of forestry laws in relation to rain-supply, they would do an immense service to this country. In England, nearly all the trees may be cut down at the will of the landowner, whose rights are curtailed only if he happens to be a tenant for life and is barred under the terms of his tenancy. In some countries, the man who cuts down one tree must plant another in its place; and in all places where this wise rule is preserved, the rainfall is comparatively regular, and there is no fear of water-famines. Roughly put, the North of Europe preserves its trees, and prospers; the South neglects them, and suffers. I have spoken to several men of great scientific attainments during the past two years about the questions of tree and foreshore preserving, and some attempts have been made from time to time to interest the public in the



DEPARTURE OF THE "SHAMROCK" FROM FAIRLIE ROADS.

The boys on the Training-ship "Francis Mollison" sang "Bring Back the Cup to Erin." "To England!" add all of us.

E. T. Cook, and others who have helped to make history and record it, were recently demolished, and a fine building now stands on the site in Northumberland Street. It would make first-rate offices for a newspaper, but it is, I find, an addition to the adjoining palatial Grand Hotel. An

matter. Unhappily, the vital importance of the questions is overlooked, and every year sees further encroachments by the sea, particularly upon our East Coast, and the disappearance of more trees from the ill-protected land.

It may be as well to explain that the Cadet corps are raised from the boys of the various Public Schools, and that in some instances a corps will contain over two hundred members, under the command of an officer appointed from the staff of masters of the school. As a rule, only a representative force from each school is sent into camp, but, nevertheless, there is a good muster—this year, for example, there were very nearly a thousand boys quartered behind Government House, North Camp, Aldershot. Here is a brief description of a day's routine, showing that the boys are kept up to strict military discipline while in camp.

Réveillé sounds at 5.30 a.m.—unless there is a long field-day, when it sounds at 4 o'clock. The fellows are turned out sharp to time; they wash and dress for early parade before breakfast, receiving only a cup of coffee and a biscuit before falling in. The parade takes place on the ground outside the camp, and lasts for about an hour or so, after which the corps return to their lines, pile their kit, and tidy their tents generally before breakfast, which they usually get between nine and ten o'clock. Then follows section drill, or battalion drill, which lasts for varying periods, from an hour onwards. When the boys return to camp again, there is the re-arrangement of kit, the cleaning of accoutrements, and the general smartening-up of the camp preparatory to the inspection of the orderly officers of the day, and these duties occupy the time up to the dinner-hour—one o'clock. In the afternoon there is, as a rule,

the excellent training which the life affords to be able to state that, out of a force of nearly a thousand, only two boys fell out on the road. "Of these, only one was really seedy," said a smart young private from Hurstpierpoint, "and the other joker fell out to hold an umbrella over him." "Then, how was it," I said, "that the London papers exaggerated the case?" "Why," said the scornful private, "because Bennet Burleigh happened to be down here for the *Daily Telegraph*, and came across these two chaps sitting in a ditch. He stowed them away in his trap, and concluded, I suppose, that there were fellows in ditches all about the place. Just put it right in *The Sketch*, will you?" And so, you see, I have.

As a reward for this promise, I was asked to dinner on Sunday. A seat was provided for me on some gentleman's bed, already hauled out of the tent into the lines. Then came along a large cauldron containing some excellent roast-beef, and a lance-corporal was told off to carve it on the bottom of a bucket. I reasoned with him on his evident desire to dive down to the bottom of the joint, and he replied by throwing a potato at me, which hit a private in the Eastbourne lines. The beef was followed by plum-tart, eaten off the bottom of the overturned meat-plate. Altogether, a very excellent dinner.

After dinner we lounged into the large marquee—I broke the rule of the Cadet Camp by smoking—and here we made mirth and music until

Lt. Webb (St. Paul's). Cpt. Latham (Haileybury). Cpt. Ingram (Bradfield). Lt. Watt (Bradfield). Cpt. Toldberg (Tonbridge). Lt. Forbes (Warwick). Lt. David (Uppingham). Lt. Peacock (Eastbourne). Lt. Collett (Wellington). Lt. Rowe (Hurstpierpoint). Lt. David (Rugby). Lt. Russell (Haileybury). Cpt. Leake (Dulwich). Lt. Lefroy (Haileybury). Cpt. Bicknell (St. Paul's). Lt. Jones (Uppingham). Lt. Tassell (Forest). Lt. Newsom (Epsom). Lt. Parsons (Berkhampstead). Lt. Staffarth (Weymouth). Lt. Burges-Short (2nd Somerset L.I.). Cpt. Lloyd-Jones (Forest). Cpt. Pain (Rossall). Cpt. Barnard (Rugby). Lt. Trethewy (Haileybury). Lt. Hawkesworth (Rugby). Cpt. Tuckett (Eastbourne).



Cpt. Falkner (Weymouth). Cpt. Haig-Brown (L.R.B.). Major Hoare (Haileybury). Cpt. Riley (K.R.R.C.). Cpt. Lascelles (Durham L.I.). Major Napier Clavering (2nd Somerset L.I.). Lt. Yatman (2nd Somerset L.I.). Lt. Veal (1st Welsh Regt.). Surg.-Cpt. St. Vincent Ryan (London Irish Rifles). Lt. Rintoul (Clifton). Lt. Thompson (St. Paul's). Lt. Towing (Berkhampstead). Lt. Smart (Eastbourne). Lt. Farneaux (Rossall). Lt. Trewby (Highgate). Lt. Hamilton (Tonbridge). Cpt. Longland (Felsted). Cpt. Mason (Clifton). Lt. Clover (Uppingham).

OFFICERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' BATTALION AT ALDERSHOT.

a little slack time, during which the canteen—strictly teetotal—is loyally supported; but there are also drills to be done or heats of the sports' events to be worked off before tea-time, five o'clock.

The programme after tea varies each day. If there has been a heavy morning, the boys can rest; or if during the early part of the day they have been comparatively idle, there may be some light duties to be performed before the bugle sings "lights out"; and even after that has sounded, as one little chap said to me, with an air of responsibility, "You never know when you may be turned out." From this it will be clearly seen that, though our schoolboys have a pleasant, they have not an idle time in camp; and it is just because they have to work, and work really hard, that the Cadet Camp experience is so good for the boys. "I never thought," said one tired and dusty youth, "that soldiers had much to do except stroll about with canes in their hands. But now I know, and, by Jove, they have to sweat!"

Now to give one instance of the sort of work and the amount of marching that even boys perform during a field-day. "Réveillé" sounded on one particular morning at four o'clock, and by half-past five the battalion of Public School corps was on its way to the Fox Hills in heavy marching order. The corps were manoeuvred with the regular troops, and did not get back to camp until half-past one. It must be remembered that they had been on the march the whole time, and that many of the members are young boys, so that it is doubly creditable to

a real live band arrived to play to the camp at large. From every direction came boys—all sorts of boys in all sorts of costumes. Pyjamas were much affected, and fatigue-dress was in the height of fashion. Anywhere in the shade they sprawled, and a right merry time we had until I started for home in the cool of the evening, with the laughter of the camp ringing in my ears all the way to town.

I did not have much time to visit the other Volunteer camps at Aldershot, but they were scattered about the sandy plains in lavish profusion. I am able to reproduce a few photos, typical of the camp-life and the Volunteer's August holiday. May they inspire others to go and do likewise!

The possibilities of an Army career have been once more exemplified by the selection of Captain T. H. E. Dauncey, of the 21st Lancers, for a Majority in the famous Inniskilling Dragoons. Captain Dauncey served in the ranks for five years before obtaining his commission in the 21st in 1884, and was promoted captain eight years later. In the ranks of the "Black Horse" he went through the Egyptian War of 1882, being present at El Magfar and Mahsana, in the two actions of Kassassin, and at Tel-el-Kebir and the capture of Cairo. In the Khartoum Expedition he was with the 21st, and took part in the famous charge; and now, at the age of thirty-seven, after some twenty years' service as a Dragoon Guardsman, Hussar, and Lancer, he finds himself not only a "dashing Irish Dragoon," but a Major to boot.

THE VOLUNTEERS AT ALDERSHOT.



THE 2ND LINCOLN'S OWN SCULLERY-MAIDS.



DERBIES PLAYING "BANKER."

The regimental journal of the Derbyshire Regiment, *I'm Ninety-Five*, has for the past ten years been seeking for some information regarding a soldier of the old 95th who behaved with conspicuous bravery at Inkerman. Now, at last, news has been received from Cavan that the hero of the story is still living, in the person of Sergeant Patrick Murphy, now an old man much crippled with rheumatism contracted in the terrible winter before Sebastopol. When the men of the 95th heard that Murphy was still alive, and was struggling to support his wife and himself on a small pension, they collected among themselves nearly a hundred pounds, and forwarded it to the parish priest for the old soldier's benefit. The curious point about the affair is that the officer (Captain and Adjutant Green) to whom fell the duty of forwarding the money from Aden to Ireland is a cousin of the Lieutenant and Adjutant by whom Murphy stood so bravely at Inkerman. By the way, the Derbyshire Regiment have just produced their annual pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and the Foresters of Sherwood," at Aden, one of the hottest places in the world. Midsummer seems a peculiar time for a pantomime; but, as the 95th expect to come home this winter, they were determined not "to be left."

The net result of the Peace Conference will apparently be the building of a "Peace Chapel" at The Hague, for the delegates from America have offered, in the name of their Government, to erect the chapel, with a stone commemorative of the holding of the Conference. In the meantime, a German Delegate,

Herr von Stengel, has written an article on the result of the Conference, and has come to the conclusion that the best protection of the rights of the State is still the sword; and Russia has quietly and unobtrusively completed the formation of an entire army in Central Asia, of which the infantry alone number some sixty-five thousand—about the strength of our two Army Corps for foreign service—and this, with the appointment of a new Staff for the Central Asiatic Army, will necessitate a large increase in the Russian Budget. Still, as M. de Staal observed at the close of the Conference, "the good grain has been sown; let us wait for the harvest."

Apparently the Indian Frontier campaign has at last roused the military authorities in India to the fact that hill-fighting is the sort of thing that "Tommy" is most likely to be engaged in in any future campaign. So instead of assembling an army in the plains to defend the line of the Indus or to capture or defend Delhi, the coming winter's manœuvres are to be carried out in the hill-country, and various small forces are to assemble in the mountains and engage in mimic conflict. This is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, for, without training, despite his bravery and adaptability, Mr. Atkins from Manchester or London can hardly be expected to rival the little Gurkhas who did such splendid service in Tirah last year. So "Tommy" will for the nonce become a hardy mountaineer, and the snowy peaks of the Himalayas, will take the place of the sooty chimneys of the manufacturing districts of his own country.



DRS. JESSOP AND DOVE WITH BUGLER BANKS.



THE 2ND VOLUNTEER BATTALION LINCOLN REGIMENT MARCHING OUT OF CAMP.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

For the last two years, Mr. John Tweed, the "Rhodesian sculptor," as he is familiarly called by many, has been engaged in his Cheyne Row studio on a colossal work intended as a memorial to the late Major Alan Wilson and his gallant comrades. The memorial is to take the form of a huge square, or casket, in the interior of which the remains of the heroes will be deposited, and the whole will be surmounted by a monolith. Four panels will front the casket, and it is on these that Mr. Tweed is now engaged. Two of them were completed some time ago, and are to be seen in the Rhodesian section of the Earl's Court Exhibition; the third, a picture of which I present herewith, has just been completed, while the fourth will probably not be finished until about this time next year. The figures on each of the panels are, of course, those of the unhappy men who fell so gloriously at the Shangani, and each is a portrait, almost life-sized. In one of the panels the gallant Major Wilson, mounted on a spirited steed, is the central figure. When completed, the memorial—which will bear the simple inscription, "To Brave Men"—will be erected in the vicinity of the famous Zimbabwe ruins. The third panel, with which at the moment we are more particularly concerned, contains nine figures, these representing Trooper P. C. Nunn, Trooper Henry St. John Tuck, Trooper Oliver, Captain Fred Fitzgerald (mounted), Trooper John Robertson (mounted), and Troopers W. A. Thompson, Wm. Bath, Alex. Robertson, and M. Meiklejohn. The cost of the work is being defrayed in great part by Mr. Rhodes.

For the first three or four days of August, and again towards the 12th, the Scottish railway officials have a time of it in

I understand that Mr. Langfier, the well-known photographer of Old Bond Street, has just been made a Life Governor of the Charing Cross Hospital, in recognition of his valuable services in connection with the recent Charity Bazaar at the Albert Hall in aid of the funds of the Charing Cross Hospital.

The third Zionist Conference will be held in Basle almost immediately. The situation is an interesting and withal perplexing one. As everybody knows, the Zionists wish to secure Palestine for the Jews, and believe that the Sultan will leave the country, in consideration of a handsome annual rent, while retaining his suzerain rights. With a view to securing the necessary sinews of war, the Jewish Colonial Bank was started, and appealed for two millions, promising not to go to allotment unless a certain proportion of this amount was subscribed. The sum fixed as a minimum was easily found, and now the directors of the Zionist movement have money in hand. Dr. Herzl's account of his stewardship is being anxiously looked for by every section of Jewry, and the well-informed believe that important developments will follow this third Congress. Rumour says that the Sultan, who is nothing if not a keen business-man, has raised his prices, and that the only restraint upon developments is one of terms. At the same time, the German Emperor's significant statement to the deputation, headed by Dr. Herzl, that met him near Jerusalem convinced all who read between the lines that the aims and hopes of the Zionists have a very strong support in high quarters. In England the Zionist movement awakens little interest among the general public, but it is worthy of note that many subscriptions were sent to the Colonial Bank from sympathisers of other faiths.



THIRD PANEL OF THE MATABELE MEMORIAL BY MR. JOHN TWEED TO MAJOR ALAN WILSON AND HIS GALLANT COMRADES.

Photo by permission of the Sculptor.

endeavouring to overtake the extra holiday traffic. The 1st of August at the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, was a record day in point of passenger-traffic and the congestion of luggage, while on the same day Perth Station was little better, as sixteen trains arrived there from London. There are complaints by travellers who had only to journey to coast-towns in Fife that luggage took three days to travel thither by goods-train. One official puts it that the conveyance of so much luggage by people going to their summer quarters is a crying grievance which has now reached a crisis. Some families convey, evidently, anything from a needle to an anchor, and it has been recommended that, as every passenger carries excess of luggage, special trains be sent on for the conveyance of luggage only.

Accidents *will* occur, even in such a well-regulated office as this one may fairly claim to be, and I am therefore obliged to my correspondent, "Canny Alnwick," and to another gentleman, for putting me right on the subject of an illustration that appeared in the *Sketch* dated Aug. 2.

My school-days (says "Canny Alnwick") are now sufficiently removed to preclude my being able to recall whether Hotspur's head was exhibited on a gate at York or anywhere else, but the odds are £1000 to a hay-seed that it was not exhibited on the gate which is the subject of your illustration, as that is undoubtedly not a *York gate*, but "Hotspur's Tower, Alnwick," and I scarcely think that "all the King's horses and all the King's men" would have sufficed to place bold Hotspur's head there, situated almost within talking distance of Alnwick Castle, the home of his fathers. It is, of course, a small matter, but I thought you might like to have the mistake pointed out, and, as an old Alnwickite, born close to the old tower, I have presumed to do so.

A word with the Holborn Board of Works. A reader of *The Sketch* writes that he fell, and narrowly escaped a broken leg, owing to the greasy state of the Holborn end of Gray's Inn Road, where the 'buses stop, and where the mud is carelessly allowed to accumulate. I trust, after this complaint, Holborn will follow the good example of the City, whose efficacious cleansing of the roadways might well be emulated by every other district of London. I have seen no less a personage than the Prime Minister crossing the road at this spot on his way to the Foreign Office, and would therefore urge the Holborn Board of Works, for the sake of Lord Salisbury, as well as for readers of *The Sketch*, not merely to use the watering-cart freely, as it does, at this centre of traffic, but also to see that the mud is cleared away daily.

Talking about peculiar epitaphs with a lady the other day, I quoted an odd gravestone inscription in which a man thus summed up the virtues of his wife—

She lied through life,
She now lies here.

Whereupon my friend capped it with this even more acidulated epitaph in a Somersetshire churchyard—

Here beneath this stone do lie,
Back to back, my wife and I.
When the Archangel's trump sounds shrill,
If wife gets up—I shall lie still.

What nice, amiable husbands they must have been to live with!



[Photo by J. Caswell Smith, Oxford Street, W.]

MISS RAY ROCKMAN.

NOW APPEARING AS THE COUNTESS MIRTZÁ IN THE PROVINCIAL TOUR OF "THE GREAT RUBY."

Miss Ray Rockman, whose performance of the showy rôle created by Mrs. Raleigh in Drury Lane's most recent melodrama is making a great impression on suburban and provincial playgoers, is the daughter of Dr. Maurice Rockman, a well-known physician of San Francisco. On the encouragement of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, to whom she was introduced in New York, she resolved to make a career for herself upon the stage. She went to Paris, and, after a period of study at the Comédie Française, was entrusted by Madame Bernhardt with the farcical rôle of the Duchess of Liverpool in "Snob," a social satire by Gustave Guiches. Her success in this part led Madame Bernhardt to allot to her various minor rôles in "La Dame aux Camélias," "Magda," "Lorenzaccio," and other plays in her répertoire. In these characters, playing, of course, in French, Miss Rockman made her first appearances before an English audience, and remained in England, when Madame Bernhardt's season was over, to accept an engagement with Sir Henry Irving to create the part of Endoxia in "Peter the Great." She subsequently played Jessica and the Princess Plombino in "Madame Sans-Gêne" with Sir Henry Irving, and during Miss Ellen Terry's spring tour she made a marked success both as the Queen of Naples and as Emilia in "Othello."

ROAD-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

Corners like these are not encountered every day, and may well astonish the frequenters of the Ripley Road. The first picture represents the final stages of the Stelvio Pass, the highest road in Europe, and 9055 feet above the sea; the windings through the pine-woods are those of the Maloja Pass, which leads from the southern limit of the Engadine to the world-famed Lake of Como. In the former case these



THE STELVIO PASS: AUSTRIAN SIDE.

curious zigzags are typical of the last twelve miles of the ascent on either side, for, whether one toils up the Stelvio from the Austrian or the Italian side, the same experience awaits one in each case. The Maloja, on the other hand, is a single ascent—or descent, as the case may be—the Engadine, to and from which it leads, being a lofty plateau, with sixty miles or more of comparatively level road. Zigzags of the character depicted in the second print, moreover, extend over a distance of less than three miles, as the summit of the Maloja is lower than that of the Stelvio by more than three thousand feet.

Has the bicycle a place in a region such as this? The many who have not betaken themselves thither awheel would probably say "No"; the few who have would answer with an emphatic "Yes." The corners may look bad; as a matter of fact, they are worse than would appear from the photographs themselves; but I have steered a tandem round all the Stelvio curves on the Italian side, which is even steeper than the Austrian, shown herewith, and what a tandem can do in this direction, the single can do still more easily. It requires a certain amount of nerve, I admit, for the road is none too wide, is without railings at the edge, and on the Italian side is covered with loose stones.

But the end attained is not one to be spoken of lightly. The scenery is almost unrivalled in the Alps, which is saying much, and the laborious ascent is amply rewarded from that reason alone. Then follows a descent of unmitigated glory. For seven-and-thirty miles can the cyclist ride to Tirano, with feet upon the foot-rests almost the whole way. Think of this, ye coasters of the Hindhead! It may be doubted whether in the whole of Europe there is a ride to equal this joyous progression from the ice-cold summit of the Stelvio to the Italian valley in which Tirano nestles, during which journey one experiences all the variations of scenery and verdure which are furnished by a fall from over nine thousand to fifteen hundred feet.

As for the Maloja, though less imposing than the Stelvio, and lower, indeed, than the Färka, the Flüela, the Julier, the Albula, the Grimsel, and other passes over which I have cycled, it is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and majestic. The twenty miles of road between the summit and the northern end of Lake Como is a long succession of valley after valley, each seeming to be the last, and each opening into another more fertile than its predecessor, until the lake itself is reached, while throughout the ride one is accompanied by a surging, boiling river which rushes downwards with tremendous force.

The corners, I have said, are even more appalling than they appear in the views of either the Stelvio or the Maloja. By an optical effect which photographers will best understand, the portions of the road which run from left to right appear to go uphill rather than down, whereas in actuality the descent is uniformly steep throughout. The section of the Stelvio shown herewith has an average fall of about 400 feet per mile, but on the Italian side there is one mile which drops over 500 feet. This may usefully be compared with the Hindhead on the Portsmouth Road, the gradient of which is 167 feet per mile for the steepest three miles. The Maloja averages 250 feet per mile for the entire distance, but exceeds 400 feet along the zigzags.

When going towards the summit of a pass, I have found it the best plan—with a tandem, at all events—to improvise a tow-rope from the front handle-bar, thus enabling my wife to assist in the least fatiguing and yet most effectual manner, for pushing a tandem is difficult from the fact that it is not a simple matter to apply the full power of two riders when off the machine. As for the descents, one has only to keep cool and invoke blessings on the inventor of the rim-brake.—C. L. FREESTON.

MADONNA.

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Neath the unflecked fair blue sky
Of a lovely summer morn,
Where the south winds murmur by
Through a sea of golden corn,
We had met, Madonna sweet,
When the poppies were aflame,
Waving near the marguerite,
And I whispered your sweet name—
"Madonna, love, Madonna!"

Rustling go the barley-ears
As your grave eyes turn to me;
In their depths are shining tears—
Tears of thrilling joy, maybe.
For when on your dark hair glows
Sunlight, where the poppies flame,
In your eyes the rapture glows
As I whisper your sweet name—
"Madonna, love, Madonna!"

Ringlets of your jet-black hair
Straying on a pure white face;
"Queen!" I whisper, "Queen so fair,
Crowned by girlhood's peerless grace!"
Yet your love, I know, is mine,
For so sweet the answer came;
And with love you turn, I know,
As I whisper your sweet name—
"Madonna, love, Madonna!"

W. E. H.



ZIGZAGS ON THE MALOJA PASS.



MISS AIDA CARTER, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Miss Carter did a great deal of amateur acting (she was excellent as Serpolette, for instance) before she started her professional career, which she began in one of Mr. George Edicard's companies eighteen months ago. She is pictured here by W. and D. Downey, of Ebury Street, S.W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The question which the *D. T. more suo*, has started for debate before the Silly Season has yet begun is one which admirably fulfils its purpose. It enables almost anybody to talk at any distance from the subject. "Should We Keep Up Appearances?" is a fascinating subject. It suits all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. Nay, is it not a question which must be debated in any circle of respectable family spectres whenever a haunted castle passes into new hands?

But the main current of the discussion must needs roll down the obvious and material channel of our worldly affairs. The appearances we keep up are those of external respectability. Is it wise and right to go on making our "outward and visible signs" of prosperity correspond rather to what we have been or hope to be than to what we are? Is it best to assume an air of solvency and superfluity while we are desperately striving to keep the wolf from the door; and, if the wolf is not to be kept away, is it justifiable to pretend that he is merely a new dog that we have bought, and to insist on paying the licence for him?

I should think that in nine out of ten cases the struggle to keep up appearances fails disastrously; and in seven out of the nine it deserves to fail. In the first place, it deceives very few. Debt means gossip; tradesmen who cannot get money will take out their bills in talk. And appearances involve expense. The struggling tradesman, a merchant who launches out into entertaining and show, wastes the cash or credit he wants for necessities, and arouses the suspicion of those who would otherwise be ready to help him. And the sympathy, often practical in its warmth, seldom denied to those who fall bravely and honestly, is withheld from those who have been indulging in luxuries beyond the reach of their critics. Except among fools, ostentation will not win credit.

And there is another more important consideration still. How far is it consonant with true human dignity to have any "appearances" that we are to keep up? It is just as well, no doubt, to conform to certain social usages—to wear evening-dress in the stalls of a theatre, and a tall hat at a funeral; and it is a duty we owe to the world not to go repulsively shabby, or in a garb obviously unsuitable to the occasion. Also, when we buy anything, we must pay the price for it. But, apart from these elementary obligations of honesty and courtesy, why should we recognise for a moment any right in our friends and acquaintances, or the world at large, to tell us what we shall eat and drink, where we shall go for our holidays, how many parties we shall give, and so on?

The mere fact of "appearances" existing is a degradation. We acknowledge that we are not living our own life, but playing parts prescribed to us partly by our own original choice, and partly by the opinion of a number of more or less irresponsible and foolish persons around us. But the peculiarity of our acting is that we pretend we are the characters we play; and, furthermore, we receive no pay for playing—nay, rather, the task is not only laborious, but expensive beyond the wont of amateur theatricals.

And we are not only actors, but audience too. Very often, if we could see into the hearts and bank-books of a small society, we should find that each one was spending more than he could afford on charities or entertainments, or whatever was the fashion, for fear of falling below the standard set by the rest. Smith dines Brown with salmon and hock, and Brown retorts with pheasant and champagne, when high-tea, answered with supper and beer, would have pleased both more and spared their lean purses. There are certain things as to which we must obey the law of the State. There are certain others as to which we ought to please the opinion of our fellow-citizens. For the rest, why must we make a costly pretence of being somebody else?

In large societies and masses of men, appearances sink out of sight. At the seaside, in the woods, on the mountains, what does it matter what you wear or eat or drink? You please yourself; you pay for yourself; you bring your own clothes, and nobody minds. Nobody knows you; or if anybody does, he has better things to think of than your garb or bill-of-fare. The ocean and the Alps take small account of hotel-bills and dresses; nor is even shabbiness, at the proper season, unseemly. Few persons travel with elaborate outfits; and even the British feeling that anything is good enough for foreigners helps to cast out the coarse demons of ostentation and slavery to fashion. Besides, it is known to be customary in middle-class families to devote a certain definite sum to the holiday; those who spend less on one part of the trip are presumably spending more on the other. In any case, they are not bound to spend; and nobody will know whether they do or not.

That is the true joy of foreign travel and holiday-making—to escape from our environment. Very often the change is one to a place of less comfort, healthfulness, and beauty than our own homes; and yet it does us good from the mere fact that "No matter how humble, it's not just like home." In fact, we have no longer elaborate "appearances" to keep up, and we become individuals instead of items, and free men instead of serfs. When we allow Society to prescribe the number of dinners we must give in a year, we might as well have the number written on our backs. And when we have to wear a particular style of collar, be it linen or iron, we are slaves by that mark. MARMITON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. DE WOLF HOPPER.

The *Sketch* group of photographs shows Mr. De Wolf Hopper, the American comic-opera comedian and singer, as he is in real life and as he appeared in several characters in which he has won fame. The *Sketch* has already presented the comedian in the title-rôle of "El Capitan," now on at the Lyric Theatre. In America Mr. Hopper is as famous as a wit and after-dinner talker as an actor. On the opening night of "El Capitan" we had a taste of his humour, and it was delicious; of his quality as a comedian, crowded houses attest his worth. So London approves the American dictum.

When I called upon Mr. Hopper in his dressing-room at the Lyric (writes a *Sketch* representative), he said—

"The story of my life? It is a sealed volume. I should so like the dear public to forget that I was ever born or had parents, and to think that, like Mrs. Stowe's soubrette, 'I just grew.' Ignorance conduces to mystery, mystery to curiosity, curiosity to cash, just as the dude in the funny paper is evolved into a cigarette. Yes, there is, perhaps, a discrepancy in the comparison, but the point lies in the application.

"The one and only thing I want to have before the public mind at present is that I am a good thing, and 'El Capitan' mustn't be missed. But, do you know, it's a curious coincidence? Here I am, at the zenith of my fame, six-feet-four in my stockinged feet, and have stopped growing; and the pranks of fatuitous coincidence bring me back to the starting-point. As you know, my opera is by Sousa. Fifteen years ago I made my operatic debut in an opera by the same composer.

"I had been playing with the Madison Square Stock Company, and in one of the plays I sang a little song off the stage. John McCaull liked my voice, and engaged me to sing the principal baritone rôle in 'Desirée,' by John Philip Sousa. We were to open in Philadelphia. When rehearsals began, our leading comedian took sick, or something else, and left us. As it happened, Mr. Mark Smith, now with Mrs. Leslie Carter, was on hand, and I have never failed to nurse a felicitous regard for Mark ever since. At the time, however, I was very wroth, for he got the baritone rôle, with all the fine costumes and calciums, while I had to take the comedy part. The upshot of it all was that I was 'a discovery.' I surprised everybody, including McCaull—and myself!

"You probably know how I have since accumulated property honours, as Generals of armies, Prime Ministers of cannibal chiefs, potentates of such royal countries as lend themselves to spectacular operatic treatment. I feel a pride in whatever I have accomplished, for I am my own investment. When a youth of twenty-one, I had in a well-developed degree the love of the stage which was a weakness of my father. My grandfather, who was a strict member of the Quaker sect, one morning said reprovingly to my father, while he was yet a beardless boy, 'Son, hast thee been to see Fanny Kemble?' And, with the same veracious instinct which characterised an utterance of another father with a larger progeny, he replied, 'Yes, ninety-four times.' So, like my father, I haunted the theatre; but, unlike him, I did not escape its allurements.

"I became an actor. I found a kind-hearted gentleman to manage my aspirations, and incidentally spend for me 42,000 dollars, which was, unfortunately, in my name, and 12,000 dollars besides, which had never been in anybody's name. I have since paid these latter debts, in a purely compulsory way, however, pursued by officious gentlemen with tin things under the lapels of their coats.

"It amuses me to hear people say I cannot act. Not that I have an exalted opinion of my histrionics; but, after that preliminary wrestle with theatrical fundamentals, I soon became a conspicuous member of the Madison Square Stock Company, which was, at least in the *personnel* of the other actors, the most notable in the history of New York. My salary was a hundred dollars a-week, which was much more, proportionally, than the same amount now."

At this point the clock struck in with the timely warning that the hour approached when the multitudes clamour for the cowardly Medigua to come from his retirement and show himself. So the obliging Mr. Hopper excused himself, and put in the intervening few minutes in arguing with the apparel. At this point a witty American friend of Hopper's at my side had this to say as we viewed the performance from the wings—

"Look at that chorus; it is vernal. One does like a crisp-salad chorus at this time of year. An autumnal bevy, with muscels in its necks carefully painted-out, and its flanks run all to adipose and repose, is like having corned-beef served with mayonnaise sauce at the seashore.

"De Wolf Hopper's chorus is always like the first dish of strawberries. Did you ever notice the inspiration, the zest, with which he hugs his own chorus? I cannot imagine any more recuperative nepenthe for a *blasé* man than to go and see De Wolf Hopper love himself in his own chorus.

"It is the saving masculine clause in the feminine fantasy, always a suggestion of virility in the centre of the stage. By-and-by, when Sousa gets at it, and the delirium begins, one gets a confused picture of flying limbs, enmeshed, shooting black stockings beating themselves to death against convolutions of skirts, inextricable white arms involved like cosmic macaroni, plying mists of tissue like sheets of rain with something pink and symmetrical sticking out all over—a veritable sand-storm of voluptuous star-dust; and De Wolf Hopper, like the garlanded 'El Capitan,' looming up in the centre.

"Nobody who fools in numbers has preserved such a masculine longitude and such a boy's gaiety. Give Hopper the chance to be heard and understood, and he will translate the feebleness of literature into the absolute fun of manner."

MR. DE WOLF HOPPER—THE MAN AND HIS WORK



MR. DE WOLF HOPPER.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.



AS CASSIMIR IN "CLOVER."

Photo by Falk, New York.



AS ELVEGARDE IN "BELLMAN."

Photo by Mora, New York.



AS HACKENBACK IN "THE BLACK HUSSAR."

Photo by Mora, New York.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

BY A. LLUELLYN

Mrs. Otway sighed. Good heavens! How weary she was of the four walls of her drawing-room! A small house, even though in Mayfair, was but a restricted area. Why had she married Jim? He was a dear, good fellow, of course, but so monotonous in his limitations. Why hadn't she married Jack Dalrymple instead of allowing Sophie to appropriate his £7000 a-year? She could so easily have done it. What lovely things would have been hers now! What would she have chosen for her birthday present to-morrow? Jim, very likely, wouldn't even remember that she had a birthday, or, if he did, he would give her something useful. How she hated useful things!

Perhaps she could cajole him out of a cheque? Then she could pay Cerise something off her bill and order that new tea-gown that was so adorable; the one she had on was getting *passée*, and no self-respecting woman could afford to be ill-dressed, especially a pretty one. Mrs. Otway walked across the room and inspected her face in the glass. It was worth inspection, in spite of its discontented expression. It was a very pretty face; the sleek head and big brown eyes were, indeed, curiously attractive. As she looked, the eyes changed their sulky look to one of interest. For the door opened to admit Captain Dalrymple. Lalagé Otway turned to greet him, and then sank into a chair—her own special chair in front of the fire.

"To think of the Devil seems to have the same power as to speak of him," she said; "for my thoughts appear to have conjured you here."

"But surely you expected me?"

"I never expect anything good, therefore I'm not as surprised to see you as I otherwise should have been," she returned.

He laughed, "Frankness is veracity's vice."

"I don't pose as veracity. I'm in no mood for anything so effective. I was railing at Fate when you came in."

"Were you? What has she been doing?" he asked.

"Enmeshing me in her web; and, alas!" (shrugging her pretty shoulders) "it isn't even spun of silk."

"I think, Lalagé, that I would have spun it of silk had you let me."

"And I think, Captain Dalrymple, that you are using my Christian name without my permission."

"Christian name! Why it's as deliciously Pagan as you are yourself, and as beautiful," he said.

"Then it serves its purpose, for beautiful things are useful, even though useful things are not necessarily beautiful," she said as she poured out tea and handed the cup across to him. "Sugar?" she said, picking up a piece and offering it to him with her fingers.

He put out his hand and grasped hers. She freed it with a laugh.

How nice he was! It was delightful to have such influence over him. What a fool she would be to relinquish it! Jim need never know; besides, a little comedy scene like this appealed to her artistic taste.

"What a naughty girl you are!" he said.

She made a grimace and enunciated a truism: "But for our failings our virtues would have no background against which to be shown up."

The solemn man-servant opened the door suddenly as she spoke. Captain Dalrymple pushed back his chair from its close proximity to Mrs. Otway's. She looked at the man carelessly—perhaps the carelessness was a little overdone, a little too obvious.

"What is it, Mallory?" she asked.

"If you please, Mum, Captain Dalrymple's man has come, and will Captain Dalrymple go at once, as he is wanted most particularly"; and, with that, Mallory closed the door discreetly behind him.

"It must be a message from the barracks," Captain Dalrymple explained, in answer to Mrs. Otway's look of inquiry. "It can't be from home, for, as you know, Sophie is in Leamshire hunting and supposes me in Hounslow. And," he added, with a happy laugh at his recovered bachelorhood, "I'm entirely my own master. If I go now, may I come back presently?"

"No! no! Not to-night," shaking her head. "Jim is coming home to dinner, and, although a duet is sometimes melodious, I have never heard harmony in a trio," she said.

"But I must see you again," he said, with insistence.

"Come to-morrow, then."

"To-morrow is your birthday—you didn't think I'd forgotten it, dearest, did you?" he said tenderly.

"I expect that you have a convenient memory," she said, with a little sneer which was yet unable to destroy the beauty of the face.

Jack Dalrymple came up to the girl.

"Lalagé," he said, "you are unfair, for you know that I do nothing else but think of you—morning, noon, and night." He took her hand; it lay unresistingly in his, the pretty pink palm uppermost. He bent down and imprinted a burning kiss in it, shutting the fingers that they might hold this record of his infatuation. "My darling," he went on, speaking hurriedly, "you mustn't mind, but I've sent you a present. I came up from Hounslow to-day purposely to buy it. You'll wear it, won't you? I didn't ask your permission—"

The ubiquitous Mallory again appeared. "If you please, sir, they have sent for you again," he said reproachfully.

Lalagé laughed as the sound of the door shutting upon the

Captain came to her. It was a pity he had been sent for. It had been an amusing scene, and it might have developed into an exciting one. He was so very easy to play upon. Now, heigh-ho!—and Mrs. Otway gave a yawn of prospective boredom—there was nothing before her but a dull *tête-à-tête* dinner with Jim, who would probably tell her little trivialities about the Law Courts, and, with pride, would retail his dull remarks—remarks which it required an expert in legal wit to comprehend were intended to be amusing repartee.

But Jim was *distracted* to-night. His usual bright happiness was clouded. He had no stories to recount, and he seemed generally parsimonious of ideas. It was absurd. Yet Lalagé almost thought that once or twice she encountered a critical look in his eyes which was strange to her. It was imagination, of course, for she could always manage Jim—Jim, whose loyal blindness was proverbial. With an effort she forced the conversation during soup, fish, and entrée, which were in turn decorously marshalled by Mallory. Even the complacency which had been left from her interview with Captain Dalrymple—the aftermath of flattered vanity—had deserted her, courtesy, the fruit of cultivation from the seed policy, alone supplying the place of the usual dinner discursiveness. A feeling of tension was in the air, the atmospheric heaviness which precedes a thunderstorm. When the servants had left the room, and coffee was upon the table, Jim passed Lalagé a cigarette in silence. He watched her light it, then he said sternly—

"Lalagé, as I came in to-night the postman gave me a registered letter. As it is directed to you in Captain Dalrymple's writing, I felt it would be better for me to see you open it now."

"A thousand thanks, Jim, for your consideration," she said in sarcasm. Then, with that self-love which sharpens people's wits and induces spurious cleverness, she calmly put out her hand for the package. She almost overreached her object by showing too great an indifference; but Jim couldn't see the terror of exposure which clutched at her heart and drove the colour from her face, and the electric light was too becomingly shaded for her to dread its betrayal.

"You silly Jim!" she said, with a nervous laugh; "I believe you're jealous." Her mind was weaving impossible schemes of escape. The parcel was a small square box, well wrapped in brown paper, with seals so carefully and admirably formed that the Dalrymple crest was impossible to mistake. With reluctant fingers she broke the seals. The brown paper gave place to a wooden box, which, upon being opened, revealed a small velvet case holding a half-hoop diamond ring. Thank God, no letter was there! She gave a sob of thankfulness. The rest was now easy. Light flashed upon her as upon the diamonds.

"How absolutely delightful of Sophie!" she said, calmly putting the ring upon her finger.

"Of Sophie?" said Jim incredulously.

"Of course" (with an hysterical laugh). "Sophie Dalrymple has often given me birthday presents; weren't we school-fellows?"

"But surely not such presents as this?" he said.

"How like a man to appraise the value!"

"Are you going to accept it? It must have cost about £200."

"Certainly," she said haughtily, now secure in her position.

"Will you write and thank her?"

"Of course!" rapturously.

"It would please me if you wrote at once. I will get you pen and ink here," said Jim, still anxiously watching his wife. How pretty she was as she sat and wrote! How pleased with the new toy! What a fool he had been to doubt her!

"Don't go out, dear boy; Mallory can post this," she said. "I will give it to him," going to the door.

"No, Lalagé, I would rather take it myself; I shall feel happier in knowing it has gone," he said, taking the letter.

Lalagé was a gambler, as are most women. The deed was done! The "If I perish, I perish," feeling was not strong enough to disturb her further. When Jim returned from the errand to the pillar-box he found his wife in an enchanting mood, and Madame Cerise by the next morning's post received a very fair-sized cheque, with an order for the cream tea-gown.

The sun was shining into the breakfast-room. Jim was immersed in the *Morning Post*, whilst Lalagé was deep in her letters.

She glanced at him. Surely he was very ill, or the glare was curiously unbecoming, for he appeared positively ashen. He looked up. His eyes met those of his wife.

"What a magnificent actress the stage has lost in you!" he said bitterly. "This should interest you" (reading from the paper)—

"We regret to announce the death (through an accident in the hunting-field), which occurred yesterday morning, of the Hon. Mrs. Dalrymple."

"So Sophie died yesterday morning, yet posted you a ring in the afternoon. There's nothing you need trouble to say."

Lalagé watched him leave the room. Some time after she heard the front-door slam. Then she went unsteadily to the place he had vacated. She picked up the newspaper; as she did so the sunshine sent across it a shower of living sparks from the ring upon her finger. What was it Jim had said about Sophie? That she was dead?

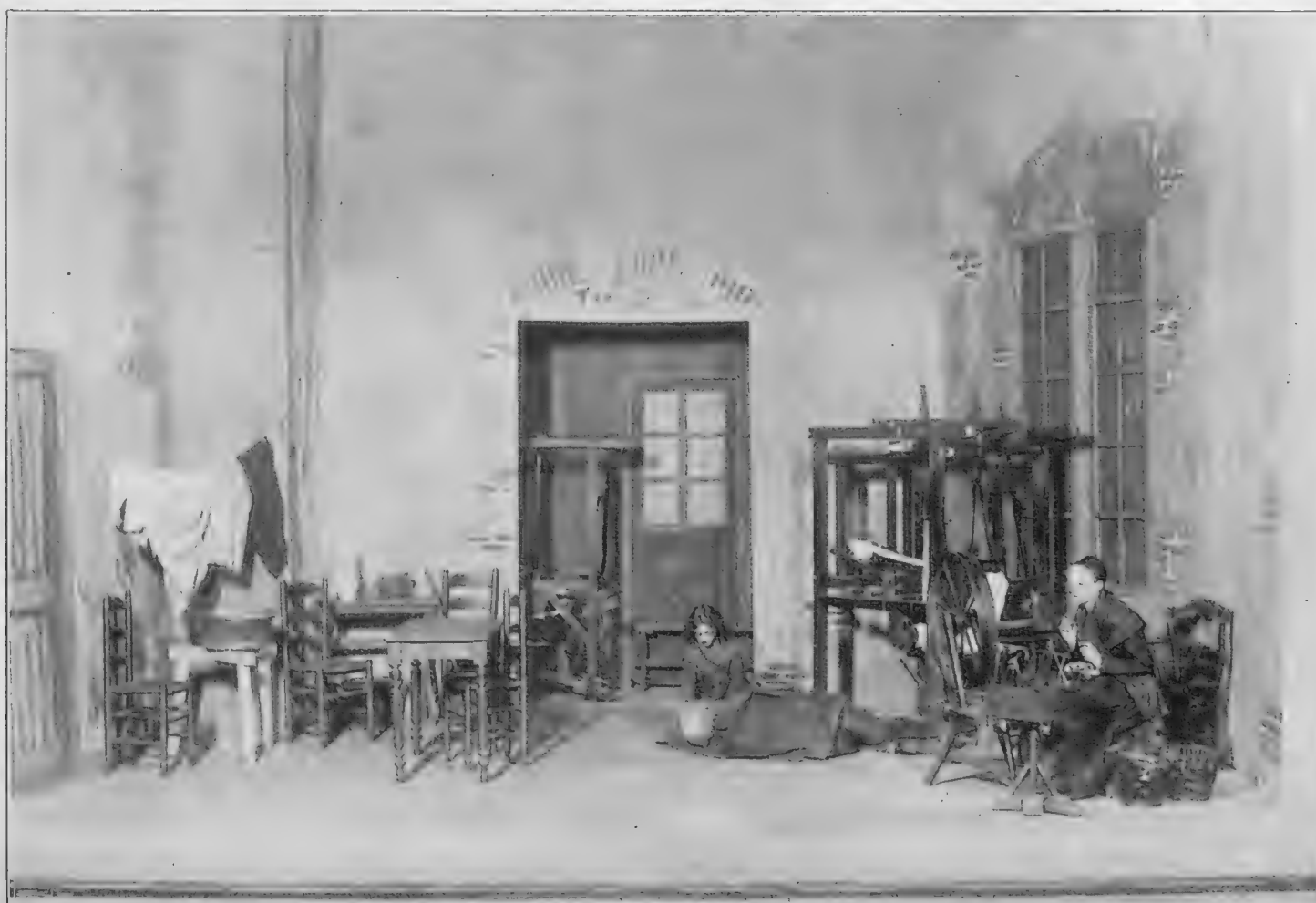
She laughed hysterically. "Sophie could always be relied upon to do the right thing, only sometimes at the wrong time."

A STRIKE ILLUSTRATED ON THE STAGE

Pictured by the Photo Theatre Company, Brussels.



Hauptman's play, "The Weavers," which Mr. Heinemann recently published in translation, is a graphic and strong story of the progress and sufferings of a strike, the gruesome struggle of the workmen culminating in the last Act in the death of the old weaver, Hilse, by the side of his disused loom.



HISTORY IN POTS.

By so generously placing his remarkable collection of pottery at the disposal of the Science and Art Department for exhibition at Bethnal Green, Mr. Henry Willett did not aspire to convert the inhabitants of that much-maligned neighbourhood into connoisseurs of old "Dresden" or "Derby," "Spode" or "Worcester," or any other of those rare makes which collectors will travel to the ends of the earth to secure. The seventeen hundred pieces brought together by him are not shown to illustrate the growth of ceramic art, but simply with a view to develop the idea that the history of the country may to a large extent be traced on its homely pottery. It must be remembered that most of them have, at one time or another, graced the mantelpieces of humble cottages, where in many cases they



DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS A TOBACCO-JAR.

have been regarded with a species of awe by rising generations. Perhaps the most interesting examples of the whole number are those in which the heads and figures of historic personages have been pressed into service to do duty as receptacles for such beverages as might be most strongly favoured by their possessors, and it is from these that my selection for reproduction has been made. Surely the most democratically disposed would be inclined to admit that there may be "something in Royalty, after all," if presented, as in the Queen Bess jug, full to the brim with genuine "home-brewed." That gorgeous Elizabeth should come to this! Still, may it not be looked upon as a consummation more desirable than that at which we are told even Imperial Caesar himself may arrive as a consequence of his final metamorphosis into clay?



LORD RODNEY AS A MUG.

himself or any of his relations is calculated to lead to serious results. For some reason or another, that term, as applied to human beings—hardly a dignified one, it must be admitted—has fallen into disrepute. Here we have Lord Admiral George Bridges Rodney presented as a veritable mug, and that the action was intended as a compliment to the great sailor there can be no doubt. It is most instructive to listen to the comments passed by the local humorists of the East upon discovering the frequent association of greatness with an article which is to them the symbol of its direct antithesis. Is it possible that, as a result, the designation "mug" may in the near future come to bear a loftier meaning in the parlous of the Museum? Perhaps it may, though I do not recommend anyone to make practical tests of its personal application yet awhile; to do so would entail a certain amount of risk, for which I am not inclined to be responsible. But there is, after all, something pleasing in this old-time custom of perpetuating the memories of the great ones of our native land in this manner, curious and incongruous as it may seem. It is not at all likely that the cottagers who were the original owners of these pieces, however keen may have been their admiration for the subjects of them, would have invested in mere busts or statuettes; but the fact that they were able to have their heroes on the mantelpiece or dresser, and to fetch beer in them when occasion demanded, constituted a charm too great to be resisted. Many are crude



A NELSON JUG.



DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS A JUG.

From Photographs by R. Ducis Denn.

The coloured statuette of Oliver Cromwell, in Staffordshire ware, has no such good qualities to redeem it in the eyes of those who entertain deep-rooted objection to the character of its sturdy original, and it is a question whether the Lord Protector himself would have felt flattered by this act of homage in pot. In the Nelson jug, however, the spirit of utilitarianism comes to the front, in an exceptionally dignified bust of Nelson, from the depths of which, maybe, many a hearty toast has been drunk to the success of the enterprises of the hero of Trafalgar. There are more than a dozen Nelson jugs in Mr. Willett's collection, of various shapes and sizes, but this is, without doubt, one of the finest.

Those familiar with the East-End vernacular will not need to be informed that, in districts where it is current, to describe any man as a "mug" in the hearing of

to absurdity, but in some cases the original models must have been executed by artists of no ordinary skill. Take the Wellington jug as an example; the likeness is good, and rendered with rare vigour. It is more than probable that the "Iron Duke's" association with the smoke of battle inspired the creator of the first piece illustrated with the idea that he might be turned to account to contain the material for smoke of a more soothing kind, for here he is painted in gay colours, in cocked-hat and epaulettes—as a tobacco-jar!

These examples are all too few to represent the many hundreds which at present find a home at the Bethnal Green Museum, but they will serve to indicate that the Willett Collection is a sight to be seen.

Mr. Henry Willett is to be heartily thanked for his public-spirited action in sharing the enjoyment of his treasures with the thousands who visit the Bethnal Green Museum. If other collectors would emulate this admirable example, they would bring some variety into the lives of many fellow-creatures.



COLOURED STATUETTE OF CROMWELL.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AS A JUG.

A HOLIDAY COUPLE.



DOUBLE DUTCH.

"THE NIGHTINGALE OF A THOUSAND SONGS."

The appearance of a translation by Sir Edwin Arnold of "The Gulistan, or Rose Garden," will, no doubt, result in attracting attention to the writings of the famous Persian poet, Sa'di, whose work has long been known and quoted all over the Eastern world. Sa'di, "the Nightingale of a Thousand Songs," as he has been called, was born early in the thirteenth century. He was educated at a College in Bagdad, where he afterwards held a Fellowship. Thirty years of his life he spent in travelling and in making himself acquainted with various Oriental languages. He is supposed to have been in Egypt and Italy, where he learnt Latin and studied especially the writings of Seneca. The last thirty years of his life (he is said to have died at the age of 120) were spent in retirement in the environs of Shiraz, a spot which for beauty equals the Garden of Paradise.

Sa'di was twice married, although, to judge from his work, his opinion of women was not very high.

"The Gulistan," which was written partly in Persian and partly in Arabic, is considered the best of Sa'di's work. In the East it is a classic. The schoolboy lispes out his first lessons in it, the man of learning quotes it, and a vast number of expressions have become proverbial.

Some few translations of it exist. In 1828, M. Semelet published the Persian text of "The Gulistan" in Paris, and, six years afterwards, a most excellent French translation.

The first English translation was made early in the nineteenth century, and was followed by one published in London by James Ross in 1823.

But if the Eastern saying be true that "each word of Sa'di has seventy-two meanings," there must be ample scope left still for translators, and Sir Edwin Arnold's version is as welcome as if he were, as some people seem to think, absolutely the first in the field.

The great distinction of Sa'di's style is his simplicity. He knows how to put much into a few words. He is a master of epigram. "In wit," says Mr. Eastwick in his preface, "Sa'di is not inferior to Horace, whom he also resembles in his 'curiosa verborum felicitas.'"

But, in addition to his wit and simplicity of style, Sa'di was an acute observer and thinker. He had a horror of cant and humbug, and, although he was ready to grovel before the King, and address him, as was the fashion of the time, as the "Shadow of the Creator," the "Light of the Bounty of the All-Provider," the "Beauty of Mankind," "Sovereign of Land and Sea," &c., he repeatedly shows that he was no mere time-server, but was as ready as any modern satirist to show up the foibles and weaknesses of the great.

Although he can write in a simile of exquisite beauty of his own unworthiness and the estimation imparted to him by the King's favour, as witness the following verse—

'Twas in the bath a piece of perfumed clay
Came from my loved one's hand to mine one day.
"Art thou, then, musk or ambergris?" I said;
"That by thy scent my soul is ravished?"
"Not so," it answered; "worthless earth was I,
But long I kept the rose's company;
Thus near, its perfect fragrance to me came,
Else I'm but earth, the worthless and the same";

yet he is ready to have his hit at Kings when occasion serves, as in this story, the tone of which reflects many others—

A certain pious man in a dream beheld a King in Paradise and a devotee in Hell. He inquired, "What is the reason of the exaltation of the one and the cause of the degradation of the other, for I had imagined just the reverse?" They said, "That King is now in Paradise owing to his friendship for darweshes, and this recluse is now in Hell through frequenting the presence of Kings!"

This is rather hard on the "Shadow of the Creator," the "Light of the Bounty of the All-Provider," and so on.

Sa'di was a great believer in the majesty, the omnipotence, the long-suffering, and the goodness of God, and held a pure and enlightened faith much beyond that of the time in which he wrote—

The Great God is righteous, for everyone who does well benefits his own soul, and everyone that sinneth, sinneth against himself.

He hates hypocrisy, cant, and humbug. "Rend your hearts and not your garments," he says, in effect, again and again. He is down upon the "darweshes," the mendicant friars who go about in rags to prove their righteousness. It is deeds, not words, that matter. God looks at the heart of man, not at his dress—

Had but my deeds been like my words, ah! then
I had been numbered, too, with holy men.
True, I may be from neighbours' eyes concealed;
God knows my acts, both secret and revealed;

such is his teaching.

Sa'di had an intense hatred of cruelty, wrong, and oppression. He champions the cause of the weak against the strong—

Not always will the wicked tyrant live;
The curse upon him will for aye survive.

He believes that we were meant to be happy, and that the true state is contentment. At the same time, he shows up again and again the vanity of worldly pursuits and riches. True happiness does not lie that way, but in the cultivation of a contented disposition. He is a casuist too. He would not hurt his friends' feelings through any overstrained sense of truth. "Well-intentioned falsehood," says he jestingly, "is better than mischief-exciting truth."

A. E. M. F.

A UNIQUE PRESENT TO ZOLA.

The Plantin Press is, it is stated, to be again brought into use, for the Antwerp journalists, anxious to show their appreciation of M. Zola's efforts in the defence of Captain Dreyfus, are presenting him with a copy of his famous letter, "J'accuse," printed with the old "plant."



THE MUSÉE PLANTIN-MORETUS.

This Press was founded by the renowned printer, Christophe Plantin, who was born in 1514 and died in 1589. He set up his printing-works in his own house at Antwerp, which is situated in a small street (Marché du Vendredi) leading off the Rue Nationale. He carried on the business in this building until his death, when it was taken over by the family of Moretus, his son-in-law. Phillip II. granted the firm the monopoly for printing Mass and Prayer Books for all the dominions of the Spanish Crown, but this right was withdrawn after some years, and the office closed for a little time at the commencement of the present century. The city of Antwerp purchased the house and all the contents, converting it into a museum and calling it the Musée Plantin-Moretus. This museum looks like a picturesque dwelling-house with business quarters attached. On one side of the courtyard, which is one of the features of the place, are a number of old vines planted by Plantin himself, and on looking round one sees, often repeated, Plantin's motto ("Labore et constantia"), which he not only lived up to, but tried to impress on others.

The museum itself is full of interest, even to the most casual sightseer, and is, as it were, divided into two parts—the dwelling-house and the portion set aside for work. A few rooms in the former part contain many valuable and interesting portraits of the Plantin family by Rubens, who was often employed to draft designs for the printers; while works of art by many other painters of note are hung about the walls. There are also some specimens of Plantin's printing to be seen, together with title-pages, drawings, and other interesting objects.

Of course, the part of the building which is most attractive is that where the work used to be carried on. There we come across the proof-reader's room, where even the old proof-sheets are left lying on the desks; the type-room, with old matrices; and the printing-room, where are some presses over three hundred years old. Everything is left in complete order, and, with very small imagination, one can picture the early printers at their work, laboriously turning out a few hundreds of copies in a corresponding time to that occupied by modern machinery in producing many thousands.

During Plantin's lifetime many privileges were conferred upon him, and documents showing these are kept in one of the smaller rooms



THE COMPOSING-ROOM.

The type-foundry is also in this part of the building, and many and varied are the samples of old printing which are carefully preserved, showing what good work could be got out of these crude instruments.

G. D. SAUNDER.



WHEN WOMAN STEERS.

*See how my lady fair doth grasp the wheel
And proudly steer,
Surprised and yet delighted not to feel
The least bit queer.*

*But should the horrid waves accelerate
Their ebb and flow,
Would she, I wonder, truly hesitate
To come below?*

*Yet, madam, nothing care for vulgar quip
Or lubbers' jeers;
Love guides and guards the happy little ship
That Woman steers.*



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.]

THE HON. GERALD ERNEST FRANCIS WARD.

The Hon. Gerald Ernest Francis Ward, whose engagement is announced to the Lady Evelyn Crichton, is the youngest son of the late Earl of Dudley by his second wife, the beautiful Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, who was one of the lovely daughters of the late Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Bart. Mr. Ward has five brothers. The eldest is the present Earl of Dudley, and the third, the Hon. Robert Ward, is M.P. for the Crewe Division of Cheshire. His only sister married, in 1895, Lord Wolverton, the head of the Carr-Glyn family. The bridegroom-elect was born in 1877, and is a good all-round sportsman and a keen hunting-man. His aunts are the Duchess of Athole, Helen Lady Forbes, Mrs. Archibald Murray, Lady Muir-Mackenzie, and Mrs. Graham-Montgomery, who were all beautiful Moncreiffe girls, and are now amongst the handsomest women in Society.



[Photo by Lajayette, Dublin.]

THE LADY EVELYN SELINA LOUISA CRICHTON.

The Lady Evelyn Selina Louisa Crichton, betrothed to the Hon. Gerald Ward, is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Erne, and granddaughter of the third Earl of Enniskillen. She is a great favourite in Society, as shown by the number of times she has acted as bridesmaid at smart weddings. She is only twenty years of age—just two years younger than her fiancé, Mr. Ward. Her father sat for many years as M.P. for Enniskillen and for County Fermanagh, until 1885, when he succeeded to the Earldom. The family seat is in County Fermanagh—a lovely place, called Crom Castle, near Newtown Butler. Lady Evelyn is every inch an Irish girl—bright, full of fun, and greatly beloved by her father's Irish tenants. She has one sister, Lady Mabel, who was born in 1882, and four brothers—the eldest of whom, Viscount Crichton, is an officer in the Royal Horse Guards, and the second, the Hon. George, is a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards.

"THE SKETCH" COMEDIES.

THE TALE OF A GROUSE.

BY OLO GRAVES.

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A moor in Peeblesshire. Early noon, the 11th of August, and a blazing day. A COCK GROUSE sunning himself on a boulder, surrounded by his family.

THE COCK GROUSE. A braw day—a braw day! Rax me yon hundred-leggedger, Clockie; an' gin ye howk anither green beetle oot o' the heather, remember the text o' the last sermon Saunders M'Queerie preached on the brae: "It is mair blessed to gie than— (*He bolts the centipede hurriedly, and shoots up into the sky like a rocket, squawking as he goes.*) Eh! Kuk, kuk, kuk! Kuk kuruck-kuk! Kuk-kuk-k'-k'-k'!

THE HEN. What on heather is the matter that you get up like that? Come down, do, like a sensible bird!

THE COCK (*settling, rather crestfallen*). A'm no denying a' was scairt. A heard a rustlin' in the heather, and a lang shadow droppit across the stane. . . . Dagout if A didna believe for a meenute or twa ye were a widow, an' the bairns—

THE HEN. You're wrong to give way like this. Its setting such a bad example to the children.

THE COCK. After the morrow's morn, lass, the bairns maun seek an example elsewhaur, suld ony o' them live lang eneuch to need ane. Hoots, hoots! (*as the HEN GROUSE shows signs of strong emotion*), ye hae groun pale about the beak. Clockie, can it be possible ye didna remember—?

THE HEN. That to-morrow is the Twelfth! (*She bursts into tears.*) Churaw! I had quite forgotten. Churaw! kuk! Oh, my chicks! my seven lovely heath-poults! what an ordeal is in store for you ere long!

THE COCK. Dinna disturb them, puir bairnies! Let them howk for beetles wi' their newly feathered legs, little dreamin' what the morrow may hae in store. . . . Ou! losh! mairey! what's yon? My hind taes! it's a gillie! He'll be gangin' doon by the brae road from the heid-keeper's cottage to the Castle, wi' a message about the guns!

THE HEN. He's dragging that nasty little iron cart behind him.

THE COCK. Weel we ken that wee iron cairt. Fillit with gun-reists an' cairtridge-cases, an' a' the latest improvements, forbye a hamper for the snack, and a whisky-keg. Weel, weel, there's Ane above a', an' it's an ill shooter brings guid to the goose. . . . I may win aff wi' the loss o' my broad tail-feathers, if I hae luck. Let's houp it.

THE HEN. You cocks are so selfish! What about me?

THE COCK. My dawtie, would ye hae me mourn for ye, I maun live to dae it. Ye're Southron born; ye dinna understand the subtle, romantic nature o' the Gael. No that I'm blaming ye, but ye dinna.

THE HEN. I was reared under wire netting on a farm at Hendon. We had ants' eggs and chopped raw meat regularly, and, I'm sure, I often regret those days. Then I was sent up North with all the rest to stock a moor in Ayrshire; but either the air or the shire didn't suit me. I flew away, and somehow arrived here and met you, and now we have seven chicks. And, though I say it, there never was a finer brood.

THE COCK. Your story is no so tragic as mine. I was a native o' Fifeshire. They netted me wi' scores o' the ithers, an' sent us doon here in crates, by cairt, a twalmonth syne. (*He heaves a sigh.*) Weel do I remember the day when the crates in which me an' the lave were packit, net by net, were turned oot on the muir. A plosch o' rain an' a simmer o' July heat there war, that garred the heather smoke like a still-chimney. An' auld Pittrie, the factor, an' Jock M'Illivray stood by in their weel mackintoshes, Pittrie—ye ken he is an Elder o' the Kirk—girnin' like a yellow polecat.

THE HEN. I wonder you ever got over it.

THE COCK. Wha's comin' this gate the noo? Three—fower men bodies. A'm thinkin' ane will be the Manchester cotton-spinnin' fule that swallowed the lecin' advertisement an' took the Castle an' the shootin'.

THE HEN. The fat, red-faced man with the white knees, who drops his h's, as they used to do at Hendon, where I was brought up under wire netting?

THE COCK. The verra same. I wad ken the twa white knees o' him a mile frae me. Hoots! the chiel has fastened on his philabeg behind. Could nae ane tell him?

THE HEN. What does it matter to us?

THE COCK. I hae a respect for him, I tell ye! He is the only man I ever kenned wha could fire a gun thirteen hundred times in ane day wi'oot hurtin' ony livin' craitur except a dog or a keeper forbye, an' siccan trash dinna coont. Quick! Warn the bairns, an' croodle doon. . . . He's comin'!

[*The COCK GROUSE, his wife, and the family conceal themselves hurriedly but completely, as enter the WEALTHY PROPRIETOR of the moor, with ELDER PITTRIE, the factor, and JOCK M'ILLIVRAY, the head-keeper.*

WEALTHY PROPRIETOR. Bless me! (*mopping*); this is weather! Phew!

THE ELDER (*rebukingly*). Wuld ye hae snaw an' ice in August, Ashintullyauchinleeks?

WEALTHY PROPRIETOR (*who is tickled to death whenever he is addressed by his purchased territorial title*). Of course not, Mr. Pittrie. All things in their season, we know—I mean (*with a dash into the local*), we, ah—ken!

THE ELDER. Then dinna rebel. For my ain puir pairt, I strive to thole wi' all in a submissive speerit—the cauld that groos wi' hunger or the heat that pairches wi' thirst. Jock!

THE HEAD-KEEPER. Ay?

THE ELDER. There was a callant following us, I mind—a mere wean, wi' a heavy basket. I canna lippen mysel to think o' what that puir lad must suffer this weary day. Can we no lichten his burden, ma brithers? Can we no tak' some of it upon oorselves?

WEALTHY PROPRIETOR. We can quite easily, because the basket contains luncheon. Whistle up the boy, M'Illivray. (*The boy is bidden to approach. His basket is taken from him, and the greater portion of its contents, after a blessing has been asked, is concealed about the person of ELDER PITTRIE.*)

THE ELDER (*oleaginous and rubicund with eating and drinking*). Ye will hae made a pairty o' guns for the morrow, Ashintullyauchinleeks?

WEALTHY PROPRIETOR. Why, the fact is, I have a houseful of people.

THE ELDER (*quoting*). "Blessed is he that hath freends"!

WEALTHY PROPRIETOR. But cursed is he who has no birds for 'em to shoot. It mayn't be Scripture, but it is nature. Damme, Pittrie (*The ELDER winces at the profanity*); I mean, hang me! if I believe there are three broods on the whole estate. If you weren't a good man—and an honest one, by Jingo! I should believe—

THE ELDER (*coldly*). What suld ye believe, Ashintullyauchinleeks?

WEALTHY PROPRIETOR. That you or—or (*glaring at M'ILLIVRAY*) somebody who had an interest in letting had salted the place, sir!

THE ELDER. Jock M'Illivray!

THE HEAD-KEEPER. Aundra Pittrie!

THE ELDER. Ye will mind me to put up a petection in kirk for Ashintullyauchinleeks on Soonda' before we skail?

THE HEAD-KEEPER. I wull that, Aundra.

THE ELDER (*simply*). His soul is in a dangerous condection. (*To the WEALTHY PROPRIETOR, who has been brought perilously near apoplexy.*) Ye were sayin' . . . about the bird-craiturs?

WEALTHY PROPRIETOR (*swallowing his wrath with a strangling effort*). I said there weren't three broods on the place. As to rabbits, there are holes, but that's all. Such a thing as a woodcock, I am told by the natives, has never been seen here, while as for deer . . . we have got to dig down to the Pre-glacial period for 'em if we want 'em, and then we shall only find their horns—at the bottom of a bog.

THE ELDER (*ignoring the speaker*). Jock M'Illivray!

THE HEAD-KEEPER (*doing likewise*). Aundra Pittrie!

THE ELDER (*inspired by champagne and Benedictine*). I hold superstition as ane o' the deidly sins; but ye will no bring me to deny there is knowledge in bird-craiturs and beast-craiturs, an' something in blude. Tak' this estate. In the time o' the auld Lairds it was weel stockit wi' fur and feather. The last true Ashintullyauchinleeks dees a puir man, his lands an' castle pass into hands that are greasy wi' trade, an' the goose tak' wing and the rabbits skail, the woodcock dee and the noble roe-deer emigrate, rather than look upon the ignoble for-rm o' a Manchester cotton-broker clad in the tartan o' the Clan o' Ashintullyauchin—

[*He unconsciously finishes the Benedictine.*

WEALTHY PROPRIETOR (*bursting out*). Here, hang it! If you mean to insult me—

THE ELDER (*loftily, ignoring the HEAD-KEEPER's signals for caution*). A'm no meaning to insult ye, puir man! It's no your faut you are stuffed wi' cotton-waste an' lubricated wi' cotton-oil. Ye were borri—n pleb—cian, an' pleb—cian ye will remain. Hang two philabegs, ane before an' ane behind ye, and baith o' them will fail to conceal the fackit. Ye're juist an advertisement o' vulgarity an' sham, as mine was an advertisement o' genuine— (*Turning the Benedictine bottle upside down.*) This peppermint is a' gone, Jock M'Illivray.

THE HEAD-KEEPER (*nervously*). Aundra Pittrie?

THE ELDER. Ye remember the last grand battue in the grand auld times, Jock, before Ashintullyauchinleek fell into the han's o' the Philistines? Three hunner rabbits. . . . Ye saw them kilt?

THE HEAD-KEEPER. A swear A did.

THE ELDER. Eighteen wudecock. . . . a thousand heid o' groove. . . . we gat them cheip at threepence the piece, the disease being in Fifeshire. . . . What am I sayin'? (*Hiccoughs.*) Then the roe-deer that crooned the day's sport! . . . s'all ye ever forget the bonny beastie? . . . Eh! what a slaughter o' the innocents, an' a' the gude money wasted to take in a fat, feckless fule that askit naething better than to swallow a lee, wi'oot a tag o' tinsel on the huke! (*He hiccoughs, and sheds tears.*) But the ootlay was for our souls' sake, man Jock, an' we maun thole 't. Braid upo' the watters. . . . Braid upo' the . . .

[*Tableau of enlightened PROPRIETOR and conscience-stricken HEAD-KEEPER as the ELDER sinks to sleep.*

CURTAIN.



THE SCALP-HUNTER UP-TO-DATE.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A PIPER O' THE SCOTS GUARDS.

Every year, thanks to the prevalence of zealous Scotsmen, there is a Highland gathering at Stamford Bridge, which must almost be within the three-mile radius from Charing Cross. At this gathering a substantial



PIPER ROSS, 1ST SCOTS GUARDS. THE CHAMPION PIPER OF THE ARMY.
Photo by Ball, Regent Street, W.

prize—that is the way to describe such a reward—is given for a competition in bagpipe music, open to pipers of the British Army. Two years in succession, Piper Ross, of the Scots Guards, has won the prize, and, that being so, a *Sketch* correspondent went the other afternoon to Chelsea Barracks to look him up.

A bashful man is Piper Ross. It is a common quality in the Highlander, and ever since Piper Ross stepped at all it has been in the kilts. He was out himself, but left word that the visitor was to refer to Pipe-Major Fraser. After all, that was a good arrangement, for what Pipe-Major Fraser does not know about Piper Ross and the bagpipes generally is not worth knowing. Pipe-Major and piper both come from the same Highland strath—from Strathglass, in Inverness-shire, a lonely, beautiful country, as can be said of too many of the glens of Scotland. It is in such places that the hills, even the stars, talk, breaking a silence which you always feel, which you can sometimes almost hear.

Pipe-Major Fraser was at one time piper to that nobleman of ancient Highland lineage, Lord Lovat. For ten years he has been at the head of the pipers of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards. Well-wishers of the regiment can only hope that he may for many a year continue in that position, assisted in the provision of music by such compatriots as Piper Ross. The latter, from all one could hear, is simply a born piper—a young fellow who, as it were, came into the world blowing the pipes. His father played them before him—aye, even his mother—and thus one would put it down as a case of heredity. He appears to have taken to the pipes as a fish takes to water, and what more could be said?

The Army competition at Stamford Bridge puts to the test a man's qualities for marches, strathspeys, and reels. Piper Ross is at home in all, as several Northern gatherings this year are likely to discover. "If I want to do my best with a tune," said Pipe-Major Fraser, "I have to set to it as to a business. But, you know, Piper Ross would not be bothered at all; he would just play the tune. Truly, he has a wonderful gift for the pipes, and what music is there to compare with theirs?"

The Pipe-Major looked at me, saying proudly, "You can take the pipes anywhere on a battlefield. You can carry them right into action—yes, to the very liveliest corner. That's a great thing about the pipes, which, be it noted, will make a man cry as well as fight. Ah! the pipes speak to you—they always do so to me when I hear them from a good hand. It's wonderful, their effect upon the Highlander—wonderful and grand." As you heard the Pipe-Major speak, you almost thought you heard him play. You also thought of a recent event like Dargai, and of

a remote one like the Relief of Lucknow, when a Scottish girl prepared the brave defenders for rescue by the exclamation, "Dinna ye hear the pipers?"

"The pipes," went on Pipe-Major Fraser, "are the favourite marching music of the Scots Guards. Get the pipes going, and the drum beating, and you have a swinging step such as, to my idea, no other music supplies. I don't quite know how to describe the qualities of a march played on the bagpipes—simply, it has, as I say, some quality possessed by no other music. Oh yes, the bagpipes hold their own in the Army; nothing is likely to dispossess them. They have, I should say, a stronger position than ever they had. The bagpipes die out in the Army? Absurd; rather ask what soldiers would be without them. There would be vacancy indeed. The officers like the pipes, so do the soldiers, every man of them. There are eleven of us in the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and no fewer than eight speak the Gaelic. What do you think of that?"

It was admirable. The talk fell on bagpipe music as a science—how to learn it? The best pipers, perhaps, are Scottish countrymen who turn to the pipes of an evening when the day's work is over. They make the glens ring with noise, which, by-and-by, becomes music. The thing needs instinct—nay, passion—and, above all else, much practice.

"It requires seven years," said Pipe-Major Fraser, "to make a complete piper. You can play a simple march in a twelvemonth, but it takes seven years to see just what there is in you. Even after that period you go on learning; you are always learning. There is no end to the pipes. This might almost be declared—they have so many secrets that it might well take you a lifetime to discover them."

Blowing the pipes is hard work—thoroughly hard work. Pipe-Major Fraser tells of having played a company of Scots Guards from Caesar's Camp, at Aldershot, to Frensham Pond—quite a march. Having once begun the music, he thought he might as well keep it up. At the end of the miles, however, he was like a squeezed bellows—he had played hard that others might march with the swinging step of the bagpipes. The Pipe-Major has taught the national instrument to, among others, Miss Elspeth Campbell, the daughter of Lord Archibald Campbell and granddaughter of the Duke of Argyll. She is a most accomplished piper.

The Duke of Connaught is fond of the pipes, and, when the German Emperor was his guest at Aldershot, had the pipers of the Scots Guards playing at dinner. "Sixteen of us," quoth Pipe-Major Fraser, "marched round the room, and the Emperor stood the music very well—he took it bravely." The Highland dress is, to be sure, an essential ingredient of bagpipe music. Pipe-Major Fraser was asked about the kilt as a dress for soldier or civilian.

"Splendid!" he answered; "and I speak as one who wore it in childhood. What could be more picturesque? For the rest, it is cool in hot weather and warm in cold weather. No, I never feel cold in the kilt."

The kilt and the bagpipes, as institutions in the British Army, are safe in the keeping of Pipe-Major Fraser, Piper Ross, and their comrades.



MISS HILDA SPONG AS GALATEA.
Photo by Talma, Melbourne. (See "Theatre Gossip.")

THE FIVE SENSES.



NO. I.—SMELLING.

(To be continued.)



"And the artful little magpie only said, 'Quah! quah!'"



FIRST COUNTRYMAN: Where be all they parsons goin', Jim?

SECOND COUNTRYMAN: Dunno' exactly; but I thinks they be goin' ter 'ave a conference, where they exchanges sermons.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN: Our man don't git the best o' the deal, do 'e?



THE NEW TYPE OF MUSIC-HALL ARTIST AT THE TIVOLI: EDGAR ATCHISON-ELY, FROM THE STATES, AS THE GOLFER "DUDE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.



THE NEW TYPE OF MUSIC-HALL ARTIST AT THE TIVOLI: EDGAR ATCHISON-ELY, FROM THE STATES, AS ANOTHER "DUDE."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

HOW PARISIANS AMUSE THEMSELVES.

We usually think of Paris as the city of pleasure. What a mistake! Nothing is so sad, so dull as Montmartre, with its Macabre taverns, where laughter is banished, where false students and false artists



"CABARET DU CIEL" AND "CABARET DE L'ENFER."

remain before a book of bad beer, while on an improvised stage strolling players with hoarse voice sing the songs in fashion. Among them, "Le Carillon," "Le Treteau de Tabarin," "Les Arts," and "Les Quatres Arts" are to be distinguished, because true poets and ballad-writers sing their own works. "Le Treteau de Tabarin" is the model of this style. The company is selected. Mima Blès, Lemercier, and other ballad-writers are applauded every night. "Le Treteau de Tabarin" is situated in the Rue Pigale. This establishment is crowded with English and American amateurs. Ballads and songs are generally political

and anti-Government. "Les Arts," instead of being a private hotel such as "Le Treteau de Tabarin," is a sort of "coffee-house." It is here that the prince of song-writers, the celebrated Xavier Privas, warbles his melodies every night; the French journalist, Dominique Bouneau, narrates his diverting stories and monologues.

After these taverns, we fall in the grave of French humour with "Le Néant" ("The Nought"). "Le Néant" seems at first sight a pot-house. It is a mere shop, the front painted black and hung with green lanterns. The sign is painted in large white letters. Inside you find coffins everywhere. "Le Néant" is the true Macabre tavern. At the other side of the boulevard, near the Place Blanche, stand the "Cabaret du Ciel" and the "Cabaret de l'Enfer" ("Heaven's Tavern" and "Hell's Tavern"), the first painted in blue, with white angels playing music, and the second painted in red, like infernal flames. The "Cabaret de l'Enfer's" door is fantastic, and is shapen like a devil's mouth. The eyes of the monster are red lanterns. The programme of the two concerts is without gaiety. Lastly, there are a great number of pot-houses, like "Le Gourbi," where spectators and singers are "under the floor." To spend a night at Montmartre in this *soi-disant* artistic tavern is a punishment for delicate souls. I doubt very much whether it pleases Parisians.

J. C



"CABARET DU GOURBI."

To the academic city of Edinburgh is accorded the distinction of having the largest railway-station in Great Britain. Up to this time, London, as would seem to be natural, has boasted in its Liverpool Street Station of an edifice which was nearly twelve acres larger than any other structure used for the purposes of a railway-station, the second largest being, before the present time, the New Street Station, at Birmingham, which covers 10½ acres of land, in comparison with the 22½ acres at Liverpool Street. But the completion of the Waverley Station, in the Northern capital, will supply us with a station of 23 acres.

GAY PARÉE: A GALLERY VIEW.

I may as well tell you at the outset that, as a matter of fact, I've never really actually bin to Parée: but me and my chum Elbert know as much as if we had, and I'll tell ye why. Me and him goes pretty of'en to the gallery at the music-halls and theatres, and we've heard such a lot of songs about the town in question that we seem to know the blooming place from end to end. See?

So far as me and Elbert can judge, there's two sorts of people takes the trip to gay Parée: one is gen'lemen, the other is ladies. First thing a gen'leman does when he gets to the place is to arrive at the station and 'ave rather an amusin' argiment with the keb-driver owing to him (the gen'leman) not being what you may call familiar with the surroundings. Then he goes into a restoorong, where they give him nothing to eat but frogs, awfter which he strowls out on the Boolewards. The Boolewards I take to be a kind of a Rosherville sort of place that's principally used for dancin' on. The gay "Kon-kon" is the national dance of the French people, and it must be a sight worth seein' to watch everyone caperin' about these blessed Boolewards to 'excited sort of music. I remember a song old 'erry What's-his-name used to sing at the 'alls that first opened my eyes to the truth. Went some'ing like this—

Oh! the Boolewards! Oh! the jolly Boolewards!
Where the people sing and dawuse in the style of good ole Frawnce.
That's the place for jollity, for pleasure and frivolity;
Oh, yus, they know a thing or two upon the Boolewards.

Songs like this give you a sort of a kind of a insight into foreign life that you'd never get from readin' books.

Later on, the gen'leman visitor gets introduced to rather a mixed lot, and, owing to him not having had time to get 'old of the ridiculous way in which they've made up their mind to talk, he's a bit 'andicapped, and, eventually, 'ome he comes without his watch-and-chain, without a copper in his pocket, and has to endure rather a chippy-choppy time in the Channel. But he don't mind all this, bless you, once he begins to throw his mind back to the Boolewards.

Young ladies, on the other hand, gen'ally seem to go out with their sisters, acrompanied also by their Pa and Ma; but the moment they arrive at Gay Parée they lose their Pa and Ma, and cons'quently get left to their own resources. This gives 'm a good chance of looking about 'em, and, naturally enough, they drop in at a fancy-dress ball in the Shawns Elizee. See? There, judgin' from the description they give, all the people are very kind and attentive, but a bit too forward, so that there might well be trouble only that these English sisters remember the pass-word that gets 'm through safely. That pass-word is "Nong"—

They all said, "Won't you dance wiz us?"
But we only answered, "Nong";
'Then coom to the South of France wiz us,"
And we said, "Oh dear, nong, nong."
And then they said, "Oh, English Mees,
'Twould not be vairy wrong,
If you would give one leetle kiss."
But we shouted, "Nong, nong, nong!"

Rare people for spoonin' they are apparently in Gay Parée. Seems that they don't 'ave to work for their livin' at all like what we do; they jest go about singing, dancing, and kicking each other's hats off. When they want to sit down, they don't take a chair like what we do; they jest hold one of their heels with their hand and fall. I only 'ope that strangers are exemp' from this popular 'abit. They're a way too of shrugging their shoulders that seems to mean almost anything, and saves 'em, no doubt, a good deal of talkin' one way and another. Their perlitence is carried to such an extent that they must wear the brims off their hats in less than no time; they seem to 've got what I can't 'elp calling a silly fool of a way of clawsping both 'ands over their 'earts and then blowing little kisses with their finger-tips; kind of performance that I pers'nally should jolly soon get tired of. Also a Frenchman, when he addresses of a lady, usually drops on his knees. If I had to do that every time I spoke to a member of the opposite sect, I shouldn't 'old no conversation with 'em at all. The sisters who 've been there always come back dressed in three colours, and with a way of bunching up their skirts at the back and giving way now and then at the knees, and winkin' for all they are worth—things which may appear strange to us, but, if it's usual to do 'em in Gay Parée, why what can you do but fall in with the rest? See? Of course there are points of sim'larity between good old London and the place I'm speaking of. For instance, it's usual when gen'lemen go over there for 'em to get run in by the police jest the same as they're in the 'abit of being run in 'ere; also there appears to be the same antipathy to your wife's mother. Also what you eat and drink at a swell dining-room you jolly well 'ave to pay for, and you're lucky if the waiter don't add in the date £18-9-9 in totting up the bill.

This proves that there are drorbacks in Parée the same as everywhere else, and that it's a mistake to think that just because you take a trip over there you are going to have it all your own way. An Englishman, I take it, is treated over there much as if he was a foreigner, and I daresay it would take a day or two to make them find out their mistake.

All the same, me and Elbert have made up our minds to go across when we're a bit older, because there's nothing beats getting your facts first 'and. We're learnin' the language gradu'ly from the songs we 'ear, and we already know (between us) "Parlez vous" and "Moulang Rooge." Me and Elbert know that these two remarks mean "Ow are you?" and "Good-bye!"; but we ain't quite sure which is which.

And that's where I'm afraid me and Elbert 'll find ourselves in a bit of a draught.

W. PETT RIDGE.



THE COWES MERMAID.

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

AT THE STOCK SALE.

When the air is filled with the cries of bellowing bulls, lowing oxen, bleating sheep, and grunting pigs; when farmers and cattle-dealers, never seen at other times, ride through Market Square dressed in their best; when the approaches to the Wheatsheaf are crowded by carters, drovers, and shepherds, the most casual visitor to Waychester is quick to see that something more important than the fortnightly sale of fat meat is in progress. I stood at the corner of the Square leading to the auction-meadow, unable to account for the excitement, until Farmer Gates, who confesses to three-score-years-and-ten, passed me, riding a brand-new bicycle. "Marnin'," he remarked, pulling up rather sharply and saving himself from a bad fall only by slipping gracefully on to the pavement. "Plaguey thing!" he added, shaking the bicycle severely; "if thee bee'd but a harse an' sarved me so, I'd gi'e thee summat. Bee'st a goin' t' sale?" he went on, turning to me. "It be the farst stock sale."

The modest mystery stood revealed. This was not the usual sale to which the butchers look for fresh meat, but the stock sale for farmers who hope to fatten young cattle for another season.

"I've some bullocks here," says Farmer Gates, "that only wants six month to come as fat as butter, and sheepes worth thirty-five shillin' apiece: you'll cast an eye over them, and form your own opinion. An' I've took to the bicycle, and doan't like the pesky thing."

With this *non sequitur*, he enters the auction-field, and I follow him. There are no fewer than two policemen on duty at the gate, and, as Waychester possesses only one, the other member of the force must have been drafted from Meadowbank, three miles away. The two gallant men make an imposing sight, respectfully saluted by all the yokels.

The meadow is a pretty one, surrounded on all sides by trees. Pens are ranged in regular order, and all are filled, for the sale is to commence in five minutes. A Farmer's Ordinary is served in a marquee by the gate, and some twenty or thirty sturdy Britons are working with a marvellous energy that reduces huge ribs of beef to bare bones, and causes one cask of beer to be rolled over empty. More interesting than the farmers are their men—the shepherds, the drovers, the handy-men who can do any rough work that calls for strength. For the most part these men live quite alone on the marsh and fenland farms of Landshire; they come "up street" only for stock sales, and their long sojourn in the silent land has made them almost incapable of speech. Broad, long-limbed fellows, burnt brown by constant exposure to the weather, they stand so far apart from their fellows that even Waychester stares amused.

It is not difficult to see that certain social distinctions prevail even here. The farmers who ride to hounds, and never worked on their own land, do not fraternise with the workers in their own ranks; they do not even join the lunch. The butchers from the neighbouring villages who buy a bullock as they want one, and three or four sheep at a time, do not presume to affect equality with Mr. Grane of Waychester, or Mr. Docker of Eastbridge, who own pasture-farms, and count their oxen by the score, their sheep by the hundred. Only the auctioneer, a stout, clean-shaven man, with restless eyes, feet, and fingers, is "hail fellow-well met" with one and all. He has just ordered a small boy to take the bell and disturb the progress of the Ordinary, and the youngster goes to his duty conscious that he is deeply envied by every other youth on the ground.

The farmers come lumbering out, happy as beef, beer, and cheese *ad libitum* can make them; the unoccupied of Waychester follow. One and all crowd up to the first pen, whereby the auctioneer has taken his place, one foot on a stool, the other on a hurdle, note-book and pencil in one hand, ivory-headed mallet in the other.

"Twenty-five lambs here, gentlemen," says the auctioneer, pointing to lot one. "Look at them yourself, quite clean and free from trouble. No foot-rot among them, as I can say from inspection. Coming from Mr. Stryver's farm, honestly worth twenty-five shillings of any man's money. Fifteen! Well, you must be having a joke. Sixteen! Thank you, sir. Sixteen; may I add sixpence? Absolutely without reserve, gentlemen. I shall sell them for the best price. Seventeen! Thank you, sir; and six, seventeen-and-six; eighteen shillings, going for eight—nineteen, thank you, and six; a pound! Thank you. Someone says a pound-and-sixpence; may I call a guinea, gentlemen? I see this is to be a day for bargains. Going at a pound-and-six; no one say a guinea? A pound-and-six—very well. Going, going; last time, a pound-and-sixpence. Gone! Yours, Mr. Docker, and, if I may say so, very cheap!"

He moves off to the second lot: the company follows; he goes steadily through, from number one to number sixty-four, in very little more than two hours, working under a broiling sun and never ceasing to talk, humouring buyers, consoling sellers, noting every offer and its maker. His pleading voice seems to make the most penurious buyer go sixpence or a shilling higher than he intended to, and great is the glee of Farmer Gates, whose ewes, after sticking dangerously at twenty-eight-and-sixpence, see thirty-one shillings.

I catch his eye; the smile leaves his face suddenly. "Warth thirty-five shillin', every penny o't," he says feebly.

In the cool of the afternoon the business is over, and the tired animals follow their new masters to fresh fields and pastures new. The auctioneer drives off, looking well pleased; the cries of men and beasts die away; farmers and dealers throng the Wheatsheaf to criticise the day's doings; the women of the place, in print dresses and white calico sun-bonnets, come to take their evening promenade in Market Square. The sun, setting opposite the meadows on the east side, floods the Square with gold, and Waychester settles down to a long sleep that shall last until the annual fête of the Sunday Schools.

S. L. B.

FALSE COINAGE IN FLEET STREET.

In telling the story of M. Zola's late exile in London, Mr. Ernest Vizetelly says that by the time his hero returned to France he had made such progress with the mastering of our difficult tongue that "he could always understand any Dreyfus news in the English papers. Of course, the language in which the news was couched was of great help to him, as in three instances out of four it was simply direct translation from the French." In saying this, Mr. Vizetelly touched on a subject which is worth the serious consideration of our literary purists, for anyone who carefully reads the foreign telegrams of our newspaper correspondents every morning must come to the conclusion that some of those ladies and gentlemen, otherwise so brilliant and acute as caterers of news, appear to be doing their best to adulterate and debase the English language. It is sad to think of the number of Gallicisms and Germanisms which have slipped into the vocabulary of journalists, and through them into that of the people at large, by means of the slipshod and hasty pens of "our own correspondents" in Paris and other Continental capitals. It is true that some of the foreign representatives of our leading dailies are not Englishmen, who may be supposed to owe a conscious duty to their own dear language, but aliens—the graces of whose style are of less account in the eyes of their employers than their industry and acumen as the gatherers of news. But that is no reason why sub-editors who sit at the receipt of custom in Fleet Street should not exercise a more stringent outlook for articles of verbal contraband among the bulky consignments of words which reach them nightly from Paris, Vienna, and Berlin.

Were there more of this literary Customs-House vigilance in Fleet Street and the Strand, we should not so often be told that So-and-So gave his friends a "breakfast" at the Café Anglais, when he entertained them to "lunch" (*déjeuner*), or that M. Déroulède "interpellated" M. Delcassé when he merely asked him a question. And, then, how often do we not hear of the President of the Republic going to Rambouillet to "hunt" (*à la chasse*) when he has only gone to "shoot," and that the editor of the *Figaro* has been horsewhipped, when this punishment, albeit of an unmerited kind, in reality fell to a *rédacteur*, or member of his staff! The same chroniclers speak of a "reunion" when they mean a "meeting" (at which, of course, they always "assist," instead of "attend"), and invite us to go and see an "Exposition," in lieu of an "Exhibition." In this misleading, or, at least, misrepresenting, vocabulary, Esterhazy was always a "Commandant," instead of a "Major," the former term conveying a very different military notion to the English mind; and then, too, how cruelly do these same correspondents always "dislocate" the French and German Armies—that is to say, put them all out of joint, as Mr. Savage Landor was treated by the Thibetans—when they merely want to indicate their local distribution. Nor do they ever seem able to distinguish between "tactics" and "strategy"—the broad distinction between the two being that the former concerns itself with the movements of armies up to, the latter with their manœuvres on, the battlefield. Said one English correspondent in Paris: "The whole plan of mobilisation followed in Macedonia has been mapped out by German *tacticians*" (!)—as if mobilisation were not a movement which had to be completed before tactics could possibly be begun. In the same way, the Berlin correspondents used to apply the phrase "greatest tactician of his time" to Moltke, who never set a squadron in the field. One of those correspondents, too, informed his English readers that the architect of the new Imperial House of Parliament was "the genial Professor Steindl," a man, that is to say, full of a lovable amiability in social intercourse, whereas the correspondent meant to convey that the architect was a "genialer Mann," a man of genius, like the "ingenious" Dr. Goldsmith or the "ingenious" Mr. Pope of our last-century writers.

Similarly, even the Paris correspondents rarely seem able to distinguish between "Communists" and "Communards," though perhaps this is one of the things they habitually "ignore"—a word with which they play strange pranks. "Maître Demange asked for publicity, which, however, was not accorded, for what reason I ignore"; that is to say, he knew the reason, did this correspondent; but he pretended not to, or, at least, wouldn't tell. One of his colleagues wrote: "Colonel Paty du Clam declared that, as far as the events of 1896 were concerned, he ignored what passed at the Intelligence Department"—that is to say, the wily Colonel had an opportunity of knowing everything, but he placed his glass to his blind eye, like Nelson at Copenhagen. Nelson certainly "ignored" the signal to cease fire, though he saw it all the same; but, in the parlance of the Paris correspondents, this signal never even came within the range of his perception.

Examples of a similar kind might be multiplied to the length of several columns to show how comparatively easy it must have been for M. Zola, with but the most elementary knowledge of our language, to understand the Paris telegrams about the Dreyfus case. But though someone described English as but French mispronounced, I trust that the purists of Fleet Street—if there be any such—will set their faces against a practice which is rapidly rendering it true of our language that it is only French mistranslated.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THEATRE GOSSIP

By the time these remarks appear in print, both the Avenue and the Criterion will have been added to the long list of theatres closed for the summer season. This leaves but six West-End playhouses available for playgoing purposes, namely, the Court, the Princess's, the Shaftesbury, the Lyric, the Savoy, and the Globe.

Towards the end of the month, however, we are bidden to expect certain important West-End reopenings and productions, such as



MISS HOFFMAN AS QUEEN ELIZABETH IN "KENILWORTH."
Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.

Mr. Herbert Sleath's submitting of MM. Seymour Hicks and Fred. G. Latham's nautical drama, "With Flying Colours," at the Adelphi; and Mrs. Langtry's starting of her short season at the Haymarket with Mr. Sydney Grundy's new comedy, still called "The Degenerates."

Early in September, playgoers will be invited to analyse the Jewish play entitled "The Ghetto," at the Comedy; and Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new drama upon which Mr. Arthur Collins is expending so much money and time (which is the same thing) at Drury Lane. Also in September, it seems, we may see Miss Janette Steer commencing a short season at the Criterion, pending Mr. Charles Frohman's long-talked-of production of "My Daughter-in-Law," as adapted from "Ma Bru."

Meantime, the lack of new productions at the West-End has driven ardent London first-nighters to betake themselves to the suburban theatres of late in order to indulge in their favourite pastime. They have had the choice of no fewer than six of these outlying playhouses for this purpose. These new productions—three "for the first time on any stage," and three "for the first time in London"—have been as follows: MM. Sims and Shirley's "In London Town," at the Crown, Peckham; MM. William Boyne and Cecil Newton's military play, "A Soldier's Son," at the Princess of Wales's, Kennington; Mr. Arthur Shirley's new dramatisation of "The Corsican Brothers," at the Pavilion, Mile End; "The Secrets of the Harem," a kind of variety melodrama by Mr. Max Goldberg, at the Britannia, Hoxton; "The Klondyke Nugget," by Mr. S. F. Cody (otherwise "The Cowboy King"), at the Elephant and Castle; and an extremely lurid melodramatic mixture, entitled "Jew or Gentile," just tried at the Paragon, also at Mile End.

"In London Town" has apparently been written to the order of MM. Hardie, Von Leer, and Gordyn, to serve as a kind of companion-play to "Two Little Vagabonds," which the same authors so successfully adapted for the same firm. The new play deals principally with the moving adventures by flood and field (not to mention the stormy Serpentine) suffered by the long-lost heiress to a worried but well-meaning millionaire. During the progress of the play, the poor lady undergoes such dreadful ill-treatment, at the hands of her many envious and gold-greedy foes, as to cause some to think it high time that there was founded a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Heroines. "In London Town" is an ingeniously constructed play, and, as a tear-extractor, it comes very near that famous stop-gap, "East Lynne," which, since

"The Stranger" and "Susan Hopley" went out of fashion, certainly holds the tear-drawing record. As, however, in the case of most plays with which Mr. Sims is concerned, "In London Town" is plentifully leavened with truly humorous domestic low-comedy. The chief contributor to the hilarious element is that popular West-End droll, Miss Clara Jecks, who, as a benevolent factory-girl named Liddy Blist, causes roars of laughter. Praise is also deserved by MM. Lyn Harding, Gaston Mervale, and Trant Fischer in important male characters, and to Miss Constance Walton as the sometime woefully maltreated millionairess.

"A Soldier's Son" is another of the many dramas which certain playwrights have deemed it necessary to build up around the more striking incidents of our latest Egyptian campaign. As often happens in this kind of piece, it is only after the more than usually foolish hero has failed at most things, and has been the victim of false accusations in connection with gaming, bank-robbing, and so forth, that he joins her Majesty's forces, and forthwith becomes a very prodigy of valour. Before he can attempt this kind of renown, however, the villains concerned find means to hurl him down among the engines of a Channel steamer, thus providing this really effective melodrama's one extensive sensational feature.

In "Brother for Brother," as the newest version of "The Corsican Brothers" is called, Mr. Shirley has taken many liberties with the old drama which the late Dion Boucicault adapted for Charles Kean from the French play based by MM. Montépin and Grange upon a novelette by Papa Dumas. In the first place, Mr. Shirley has reversed the order of the Acts, France now taking precedence of Corsica—which is, of course, only nationally proper. The Brothers, Fabien and Louis, are shown to be in love with the new heroine, Angèle, who replaces the "Grass Widow," Emilie de L'Esparre, of the older play. Moreover, a fresh strain of low-comedy, not utterly unsuggested by the old farce called "The Thumping Legacy," has also been introduced.

The unification of the English and American stage is one of the most curious features of the theatre of to-day. Not only has the American actress overwhelmed London, but she visits the provinces as well. Thus, Miss Maud Hoffman has just made a "hit" in Edinburgh as Queen Elizabeth in "Kenilworth." Miss Hoffman, who is tall and strikingly handsome, is a native of Kentucky, and began her stage career six years ago, leaping at once into the shoes of Juliet in Boston. Then she joined Mr. Willard for a season; spent two seasons with Wilson Barrett, another with Daly, and two years with Willard, after which she came to London, the Mecca of all actors. You may remember her in "The Great Ruby,"



MISS HOFFMAN IN PRIVATE LIFE.
Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.

after which she had a small chance in Mr. Bancroft's unfortunate play, "What will the World Say?" She has a beautiful voice, and her nationality, on the stage at least, is not obvious.

A pretty, bright little girl was Miss Hilda Spong when the Editor of *The Sketch* first had the pleasure of seeing her. It was at her father's house in Kentish Town, some years ago, before that clever scenic artist

left London to seek fortune in Australia. Mr. Spong from time to time sent home to his friends newspapers with glowing reports of his fair daughter's success on the stage at the Antipodes as Shaksperian heroines, as Galatea (in which fitting character she is photographed on another page), and in many other leading parts, to which I am sure she must have given distinction.

But it was as the Duchess of Coolgardie, in Mr. John Coleman's effective Australian mining drama, produced at Drury Lane, that Miss Hilda Spong first won the admiration and applause of London playgoers. She has since delighted us at the Court Theatre, where she made one of the "hits" in Mr. Pinero's amusing crinoline comedy, "Trelawny of the Wells."

Mr. Carton's witty comedy, "Wheels Within Wheels," has proved so popular at the Court that the management have decided not to close for any vacation, but to continue the run without interruption and with the original cast, including Miss Compton, Mr. Boucicault, and Mr. Bouchier.

It is some years since the



MR. VICTOR HOLLAENDER.

Photo by Skillman, Shepherd's Bush.

Court has defied the August clôtüre—the last occasion, if I remember rightly, being during the run of Mr. Ralph Lumley's farce, "Aunt Jack."

Poor Mr. Toole is mourning the death of one of his old colleagues, Miss Eliza Johnstone, who, together with Mr. John Billington, Miss Bella Wallis, Mr. Henry Westland, and others, helped our old friend during his rule at the now vanished little theatre in King William Street. Miss Johnstone, an excellent comédienne, was daughter of that prolific old-time playwright, J. B. Johnstone.

What is "The Eleventh Commandment"? I am curious to know, because that is the title of a forthcoming drama. Semi-Scriptural names are now being used very freely by provincial playwrights.

This week's new productions are again all in the suburbs, and include an Irish drama, written by Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, and called "The Rose of Rathboy," at the Kennington Theatre; a new version of "Don Caesar de Bazan," by that rising playwright, Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, at the County Theatre, Kingston; and Messrs. George R. Sims and Clarence Corri's new musical play, "Miss Chiquita," which on Monday made its first appearance in London at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, after a highly successful trial trip in Birmingham. More anon of this sparkling and entertaining comic opera.

THE ROYAL CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The season which opened so auspiciously for this justly celebrated operatic company on July 31 at the Grand Theatre, Islington, has deservedly prospered. The commendable performances have met with marked approval, proving that the love of opera in the native tongue has not died out. Under the experienced personal direction of Dr. Osmond Carr, there is no reason that the fortunes of this National Opera company should not be in the ascendant. Although but a fortnight in harness, the company produced at least one new work, namely, "San Lin," by Mr. Victor Hollaender—a work the plot of which will be familiar to Londoners through its dramatic version, "The Cat and the Cherub." The composer has heightened the effects of this Chinese tragedy without giving any local colouring in his music. To do so would have been to increase his own labour without the compensating results of additional pleasure to his hearers. He has, therefore, wisely kept his melody in the more acceptable Western forms, leaving his Eastern plot to permeate its waves of sound.

Miss Lily Heenan as Ah Yoi, Miss Cecilia Staunton as the nurse, Mr. Arthur Winckworth as Wing Shee, Mr. Burton as the villain, Mr. Arthur Deane, and Mr. Frank Wood were one and all excellent, and deserved all the applause they received. The opera, which runs about an hour, should be a welcome addition to the Carl Rosa repertoire, and will, no doubt, often be a substitute for "Cavalleria Rusticana" or the tragical "Pagliacci."

For the rest of the engagement the company was content to play such established favourites as "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Il Trovatore," "Bohemian Girl," "Faust," and the fact that these operas gave pleasure to large and enthusiastic audiences is a most encouraging omen. When the company is in full swing, it is intended to further extend the repertoire by the revival of some of the past successes of the company, among which may be numbered the late Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" and "Nadeshda," to which may be added "L'Étoile du Nord" and a one-act opera by Mr. T. H. Frewin, the assistant-conductor, founded on the story of "The Curious Impertinent,"

from "Don Quixote." Every true lover of National Opera must unite with the writer in wishing every success to the Carl Rosa Opera Company, to which the prefix "Royal" was made by gracious consent of the Queen after a memorably successful performance before her Majesty at Balmoral, where the Queen graciously received Mrs. Carl Rosa.

MR. VICTOR HOLLAENDER,

the clever musician who composed "The Cat and the Cherub," is a Silesian, just over thirty. He was born at Leobschütz, but educated in Berlin. After leaving school, he studied music at the Neue Akademie der Tonkunst, being under the famous Professor Kullak for the piano, Professor Albert Becker for counterpoint, and Professor Heinrich Urban for composition. His first composition was a comic opera, produced in Hamburg during his student days. After leaving the Academy, he was Musical Director at the theatres in Hamburg, Budapest, Marienbad, and Berlin. About five years ago he decided to come to London, as conductor of the German company which played at the Opéra Comique and the Royalty; and, after their return, he directed Imre Kiralfy's magnificent show of "India" at the Earl's Court Exhibition. He has since officiated at the Criterion and Avenue Theatres, and is at present engaged at the new Coronet Theatre at Notting Hill Gate. Mr. Hollaender has composed many comic operas, songs, and piano pieces, as well as a sacred cantata, "The Child Samuel."

THE "DUDE" OF THE TIVOLI.

Why is it that so large a proportion of our best "turns" at the music-halls are American born? Presumably because the American nation is one of the most inventive, and novelty is the soul of music-hall business; and also because the American artist never stands still—he is never perfect in his own eyes (though he would sooner die than own it), and so is always adding to his reputation by new business and improved performance.

Mr. Edgar Atchison-Ely is a conspicuous example of a thoroughly new "turn" imported from "the other side," and one presented under the favouring graces of a clear and pleasing voice, remarkably handsome and eccentric costumes, and an agreeable personality. That he has "caught on" is amply proved by his engagement at the Tivoli having been extended to four weeks longer, after which he goes on to the Oxford and the Pavilion. It may be presumed that behind the "make-up" of the artist there lurks in Mr. Atchison-Ely the spirit of the philosopher, for has he not set himself the task of gently satirising, as did the late Corney Grain, a phase of American social life? His purpose is evidently to kill with ridicule that effeminate and foppish personality known as the "Dude," now a very distinct entity on the Broadway of New York, and an offensive libel on the manliness of the great nation to which he unfortunately belongs. The clever artist's general "make-up," as shown in the photographs, points the moral of the absurd extravagance in dress to which the Dude of the Future will attain, and he adorns his tale with a song which finely ridicules "Reggie the Reigning Rage," while in other ditties, among them "The Polka is the Dance for Me," accompanied by suitable yet refined gesture and admirable dancing, he brings down the house nightly. Considering the elaborateness of his handsome costumes, his quick-changes are truly remarkable.

After his performance I had a little chat with Mr. Atchison-Ely, when he told me that though he had been previously in England, this was his first appearance on a London stage, and that he had never met in any of the music-halls throughout the United States greater kindness from the management or better receptions from his audiences, and he had an experience of over three years in the "halls." Then he went on to say how much harder the artist was worked in America, where they give continuous shows—that is to say, from noon till eleven at night. These shows, it seems, are divided into three parts; the "stars" appear during the first and third portions, while the middle part, or "supper show," is worked by less famous "turns." He remarked that in America the artists are exclusively engaged, and do not go on from hall to hall as they so frequently do here. Then he asked me a conundrum which I could not answer. It was this: "Why do all your first-class comic singers make up with red noses?" T. H. L.



THE GOLD KEY OF MR. WYNDHAM'S NEW THEATRE, PRESENTED TO HIM BY HIS COMPANY.

The gold key presented to Mr. Charles Wyndham is a very handsome article in solid eighteen-carat gold. The head consists of rich leaf-scroll ornamentations, beautifully carved in relief, with Mr. Charles Wyndham's monogram, "C. W.," in the centre in blue enamel, and "Wyndham's Theatre, 1899," also in blue enamel, on a ribbon-scroll beneath. The stem is fluted and enriched with leaves, and with bold mouldings at intervals. The key was specially designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, and is an exquisite example of the goldsmith's craft.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 16, 8.19; Thursday, 8.17; Friday, 8.15; Saturday, 8.13; Sunday, 8.12; Monday, 8.10; Tuesday, 8.8.

A little time back, I said that this year would probably stand out in the history of cycling as the year of church-parades. Indeed, parsons are simply falling on the necks of the pedallers, and the joining of church and cycle is almost complete. Clergymen have found that wheelmen are not necessarily an objectionable race, just as some of us have long known there are many fine, sterling chaps among parsons. The most recent clerical suggestion comes from the Rev. E. H. G. de Castro, Vicar of Blackborough. He says that cyclists should always call upon the pastor of the parish where they rest, and ask him to show them anything of note in the church or village. Country clergy, he adds, are, for the most part, very lonely, and welcome contact with the vigour and hopefulness of youth. That is capital. Looking round the country, it seems as though religious texts were coming into popularity in the place of danger-posts. I hear that on the road between Yarmouth and Lowestoft, where there is a steep dip, the brakeless coaster can read, to his or her consternation, the warning in black-and-white, "It is appointed unto men once to die; but after death, the judgment." Then, at the bottom of the hill another board glares at him, with the sentence, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" I feel almost inclined to start a competition for clergymen on the best texts for danger-posts.

Most of us have had experience during hot weather that it is much cooler to be gently riding on a bicycle than to be sitting still. Now somebody has been working out a sum demonstrating arithmetically that it is much easier to ride a bicycle than to walk. It is reckoned that, when a man walks a mile, he takes, on an average, 2263 steps, lifting the weight of his body with each step. When he rides a bicycle of average gear, he covers a mile with the equivalent of only 627 steps, using less force, and in about one-third the time.

I love a good cycling story. Here is one that comes from St. Neots. A wheelman left his bicycle leaning against the wall of his house, and a big dog alongside to see nobody stole it. When the wheelman went out, however, both bicycle and dog had disappeared. Down the road he found the bicycle reared up against the wall and the dog a little breathless. The assumption is that somebody did steal the wheel after all, that the dog gave chase, dragged the thief from the machine, and then actually made him fix it against the wall as he had found it. There is, as yet, no corroborative testimony to this story.

The North of England Cyclists' Meet at Harrogate last week—the Harrogate Camp, as it is usually called—was a decided success. Mr. E. A. Dodd and Mr. F. Firth, respectively, made a capital president and captain. Three hundred cyclists in all gathered together. Miss Ellen Terry graced the camp by a visit. The parade of cyclists was delightful, and at the annual dinner there were present the Lord Mayor of Leeds, the Mayor of Halifax, the Mayor and Mayoress of Harrogate, and other notabilities. The whole town seems to have caught a touch of cycle-mania owing to this huge gathering of wheelmen.

Who invented the expression "to bike"? Some suburban wheelman, no doubt. It is not an elegant expression; but it serves. The last verb introduced into our much-abused language is "to mote," plainly derivable from America. If you own a motor-car, and want to use the proper slang term, you say you are "going moting."

Great fun can be obtained on a sea-voyage by riding about the deck. Of course, it is madness to attempt it when there is anything of a roll, but even when you think the vessel is steady there is generally a heave marked enough if you happen to be astride a bicycle. It is a very curious sensation cycling on board ship, because, owing to the heave, the centre of gravity is continuously being changed. Also you find the steering awkward. These are the days of records, and I wonder what is the record ride on board a ship. I could easily mention the name of a man who once did thirteen miles' riding on board a trans-oceanic passenger-boat, but I'm modest, and don't care to write the name. I daresay there are readers of *The Sketch* who have done their century. If so, I would be glad to hear.

There is a gentleman down at Bristol who is urging strongly in the local papers there should be an Act of Parliament prohibiting cyclists to ride through that city at a greater speed than five miles an hour!

Six hundred and odd miles is the greatest distance a cyclist has covered in twenty-four hours. It seems an enormous way for the time. And yet it is as nothing. A racing pigeon will do the six hundred miles in half the time.

Mr. Hall Caine does not bicycle himself, but he believes in bicycling—Mrs. Caine rides—and he thinks that "rational dress" is the best for ladies.

What becomes of old bicycles is almost as interesting a problem as what becomes of discarded pins. Do they go back to the factories, and then come out next season in all the glory of new varnish and a new make? Many of them—I mean those of the old solid- or cushion-tired type—find their way into the villages and are bought by labourers. The market value of such bicycles just now is seven shillings and sixpence.

There is no good disguising the fact that the English are, as a nation, bad cyclists. Everybody who has knocked about the world

knows that. The reason is chiefly due to carelessness, because, not infrequently, one does come across very good wheeling. Many riders, however, don't know how to properly sit on bicycles, and, in anxiety to avoid the drop handle-bars of the scorcher, have the handle-bars much too high. For ordinary riding, it may be taken that the handle-ends and the top of the saddle should be on a level; in the case of ladies, the handles should be about an inch higher.

A Mrs. Irene Brush has ridden four hundred miles in two days. She says—

Although I was very tired at the end, I suffered no ill-effects, and do not believe I will. The ride was the longest two days' trip ever undertaken by a woman, and I am justly proud of my feat. It cost me ten pounds of flesh, but my physical condition is so good that it will not take me long to regain it. I already hold the triple-century record for a woman. With the four hundred miles finished up this morning, I completed my nineteenth century for 1899, and the thirty-third of my life. I am just twenty-five years of age.

Here is a variation of the sport of hare-and-hounds. It was recently played in Paris with huge success. Several balloonists, each carrying a cyclist with his machine, set off from the Tuileries Gardens. The object was to descend at some distant spot where the aeronaut could pack up his balloon and the cyclist despatch a telegram before being captured by pursuers mounted on bicycles and motor-cycles. The hunters were given an hour's start, and the course they were to take was decided by the sending up of a number of small pilot-balloons. In the chase one aeronaut and one cyclist were captured. The others escaped.

If any persons are still to be found on the surface of the earth who hold the old-fashioned opinion that bicycling is an ungraceful exercise, wholly unsuitable to women, they would assuredly have been converted from the error of their ways had they been present at the charming cycling display lately given at the Crystal Palace by a band of some forty ladies from Beckenham. A prettier sight it would be difficult to imagine than the fair riders presented in their white frocks, with waistbands and ties of coloured ribbon, while their cycles were adorned with bunches of flowers at the handle-bars, to which graceful bamboo lances with waving pennons of green and pink silk were also attached. The evolutions they performed to the music of the Crystal Palace Band were perfectly bewildering in their complexity, but they were accomplished without a single blunder, with no collisions or ungraceful "wobbling." The second part of the programme furnished an even stronger proof of cycling skill, for the lances were now detached and carried by the riders, so that all the business of guiding the machine through the elaborate figures depended on one hand. One of the prettiest of these figures was an adaptation of the childish game of "Thread-the-needle," when a moving arch of crossing lances was formed by some of the riders, under which their companions passed.

The other day, I referred to a project to ride from Cape Horn to Klondyke, right through South and North America. Meanwhile, however, an Australian cyclist named Richardson is working his way awheel round the Australian coast-line. He is not a record-breaker as far as speed is concerned, for he intends to take six months over the jaunt; but he wants to see the country, and to do a feat that no other man has ever attempted. Only, what I cannot make out is why on earth he is riding a machine geared up to eighty. Richardson will have big stretches of hilly country with only the rudest of tracks, and a gear so high will be a tremendous drawback. Sixty is the proper gear for such a ride.

J. F. F.

MR. W. J. DRYBROUGH.

This is a portrait of the late famous polo-player, Mr. W. J. Drybrough, who was fatally injured on August 3 playing in the semi-final tie of the



Photo by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.

Open Polo Tournament at Rugby. He was one of the finest backs ever seen in the polo-field, and his place will be difficult to fill.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

So long as Flying Fox keeps well, so long will the St. Leger be as flat as a flounder. The decision with regard to the Kingsclere horse has frightened owners of other animals engaged in the Doncaster race. Provided circumstances do not alter, we shall have nothing to specially attract us North in September, for the spectacle of a good horse running away from two or three second-class steeds is not an exhilarating one. I think, years ago, more owners would have been found ready and willing to throw down the gauntlet; but nowadays all is changed, and men go for a certainty rather than a possible. Granted, a man may do as he likes with his own; but in this policy there seems to me to be a lack of the true ring of sportsmanship.

Had no St. Leger been founded, we should never have had the breezy poem about Doncaster's big race from the pen of Sir F. H. Doyle, appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1867. No more thrilling word-picture has ever been painted of a horse-race than this, which tells of the victory of Matilda over Mameluke in 1827. That was a contest which aroused an enthusiasm such as cannot be associated with the race in these days. Sir F. Doyle thus describes the scene just after the winner had passed the post—

At once from thirty thousand throats
Rushes the Yorkshire roar,
And the name of the Northern winner floats
A league from the course and more.

These lines indicate the spirit in which the poem was written. In the author's own words, it was intended to "illustrate the spirit of Yorkshire racing."

With the St. Leger a dead-letter for the time being, attention, as regards big events, is naturally drawn to the Autumn Handicaps. Over



SWIMMING IN FRANCE: A FALSE START FOR "LE VÉLO" PRIZE.

these races, backers, year in year out, burn their fingers, but they take the same delight in picking out their fancies before the weights appear as the moth does in spinning round and round the candle. In both cases the result is the same, and in both cases also history teaches no lesson. One hears of horses backed with the Continental commission agents for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire before even the entries are published, and, despite the doubts cast upon such statements, the fact remains that, before the weights are printed, it is quite a common thing for small punters to send their dollars across the water with the idea of getting long shots about what they consider good things.

Simon Dale won in good enough style at Goodwood to show that the Duke of Portland owned a very promising two-year-old. The Duke is not sufficiently fond of racing to stand the buffets of fortune, and since that good dame has frowned the magpie colours have been conspicuous for their rare appearances on our racecourses. Should Simon Dale turn out a good horse, the Duke may be brought to look with as much favour on racing as he did when Donovan, Ayrshire, Amiable, and Mrs. Butterwick were carrying his colours with such wonderful success. I am afraid that, bestow what affection he will on the Turf, the Duke's deepest love is for salmon-fishing. I hope his liking for the gentle sport is governed by his success at the Sport of Kings, and that, given the latter, he will share the one with the other on more equal terms.

An owner of an entirely different stamp is Sir J. B. Maple. Here is a man who has been persistently dogged by the worst of luck, yet he sticks to the Sport of Kings in the hope of gaining long-deferred success. To him the last few years have indeed been lean years. Horses, he has weeded out of his stable have suddenly acquired a propensity for winning which must have been exceedingly annoying. Palmerston had not long left Sir J. B. Maple's ownership before he was

winning races his late possessor had not regarded him capable of. Such a man deserves success, and, when it comes his way, may he have no niggardly run of luck, but one long sustained, to compensate for the costly failures of the past.

The recent victories of Merman should give Englishmen pause. It is a common thing in Australia for racehorses to run four or five



SWIMMING IN FRANCE: THE START FOR "LE VÉLO" PRIZE.

seasons; here it is an exception. Our thoroughbreds either cannot stand the strain of so long a life's work, or owners can make more money by retiring them when they are too young for stud duties. Then, too, I am afraid our thoroughbreds are too well looked after. There is too much of the drawing-room about our breeding-paddocks, which are, in many instances, as level and smooth as cricket-grounds. A racehorse, I feel convinced, would be all the better for roughing it a little. Whatever be the reason, there must be something wrong with our system, and a remedy is needed.

CAPTAIN COE.

SWIMMING.

It is a pleasant relief in this consistently sultry weather to find in one's letter-bag such cool and refreshing pictures as those of the French swimming that I reproduce here. The photos were taken at a contest recently organised by the sporting paper *Le Vélo*, and the battle-ground is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris. The lusty fellow who leads the race is our own Greasley; a short distance behind him is Percy, the Australian; and the gentleman with his nose under the water is the well-known Nuttall.

It seems somewhat ungracious in our men to walk off with all the prizes, but what would you? They had to sustain the reputation of their country in foreign waters, and the Frenchmen have the satisfaction of knowing that their own times were better than in 1898. My correspondent is not inclined to let his countrymen down too lightly



SWIMMING IN FRANCE: GREASLEY WINS "LE VÉLO" PRIZE.

"Swimming," he writes, "is a usefull sport, but French are not very fond of it; it is the explanation of the last defeat." And then, with the magnanimity of the true sportsman, he concludes, "The English champion had been very much applauded."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

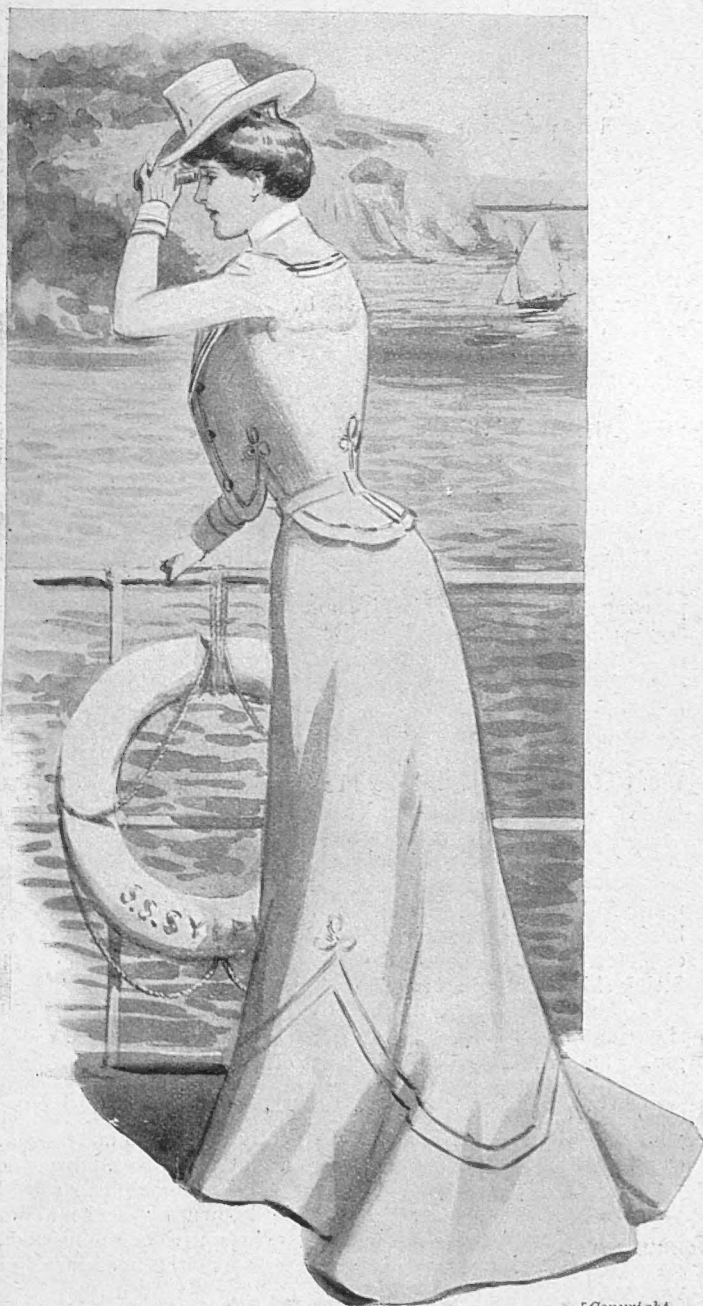
The few stragglers left in London on the morning of Saturday last were gladdened, and also perhaps a little puzzled, by the sight of grouse dangling from the poulterers' quite early in the day. The celerity, in fact, with which that little brown bird hies down on the wings of love or money from North Britain in time for luncheon by the Thames on the Twelfth is nothing short of remarkable.

To be sure, one has heard of such strange hybrids as trappers and poachers, but the type is by many believed to be as extinct as the Melosaurus or the Dodo, while the solid fact of grouse at dinner in London town on last Saturday evening not only remains, but is, moreover, one of the agreeable facts into which wisdom will not always bid us inquire. "Take the goods the gods provide," says the greatest of rhyme-makers, and, certes, with lovely woman on one side and a perfectly cooked wing in front, it is not for us to ask the wherefore of these beneficent presences, saith the wise man to himself.

The long-expected, epoch-making date was the occasion of even greater gatherings than ever North of the Tweed this year, and country houses far and near have been crammed with guests to their last available room, while lovely woman is, of course, in great evidence at the moment in the "Land o' Cakes."

Breakfast-hour in a country house is to me always the most amusing out of the well-filled twenty-four, for then, more than at any other time, do the characteristics of the company come out in full relief against the

well aired before appearing in the dining-room, and have, moreover, the distinct distant air of not wishing to be interfered with, and that general atmosphere of amiable, martyred grumpiness so characteristic of the dweller in cities until 12 p.m. Certainly, after a long day on the moors, and a long evening to follow, there is some excuse for voting



FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS AT COWES.

[Copyright.]

the indefatigable early riser "conceited in the morning, and stupid in the afternoon," as he has been immortally memorised. We are not all of Wellington's mould, save the mark, who said that "if he turned in bed, it was to turn out." Personally, I am much more of the mind of him who made the Iron Duke the witty reply that, "for his part, one good turn deserves another," and the house where breakfast goes on from eight until eleven will more often have the advantage of my invaluable society than the rigorously conducted household that whips up its guests into an uncomfortable nine o'clock punctuality, and draws down on its rigid written list of bedroom laws the malediction of a victimised house-party.

Another thing which I am greatly constrained to gird at, being in rather captious humour after a week of such too early breakfasts, is the shirts into which women will put themselves in these mornings of the autumn ides. Even amongst well-dressed and well-bestowed women the superstition still holds that shirts and blouses, which form such an important part of our autumn wardrobe, can be bought ready-made. If the feminine gender generally were all turned out of a certain mould, this argument might apply somewhat; but, seeing that Nature has amply provided us with dissimilar anatomical variations, the conservative British matron and manufacturer are here obviously at fault.

It is indeed a strange and deeply rooted idea on the part of the fair sex that any shirt or blouse which looks pretty in a shop-window may be induced to assimilate its lines to its hereditary curves, and the result of such startling delusions on the part of maker and wearer is far from being either successful or picturesque in its sartorial results. Why, in

cheerful light of morning. The brisk and beaming people, be it understood, who come down with generous appetites and exuberant spirits, and who dilate on the joys and advantages of early rising, are greatly in the minority on these occasions, and generally hail from some other part of the country; while the town-bred contingent prefer to see the day

the name of common sense, women do not get fitted by their own shirt-makers, as men do, is one of the idiosyncrasies of our otherwise high civilisation that I have now almost ceased to wonder at.

Stout women who *will* get into stiff shirt-fronts are also a blot on the fair face of creation, and should really be autumnally girded at by the *Daily Telegraph* when in want of its next gooseberry-season sensation. The prosperous outlines of the well-fed British matron will not easily or amiably adapt themselves to these mail-like fronts of the stiffly starched shirt, and, in the encounter which follows, the robust eternal feminine inevitably gets worsted. Fat women who adopt the sailor-hat, short skirts, thick-soled boots, and these fatal shirt-fronts have in fact become, from the æsthetic point of view, a sort of *plein-air* nightmare, and should be, as such, whenever possible, banished from the waking hours of other and sensitive people. Nowhere out of Britain does one see the genus so comically, so unutterably attired; and if the beefy matron *must* remain in our midst, it should not be, at least, too much to ask that she should clothe her magnificent proportions on other lines than those adopted by her slim, sylph-like, and shapely daughters.

It is gratifying to find that the "distressful country," which was once taboo to the peripatetic Saxon, has now become the fashion, so to speak, of the exploring Sassenach. Holiday-makers are flocking this season to the "Green Isle," and to one of the most beautiful parts, Slieve Donard, Newcastle, County Down, there has been quite a rush of smart people intent on exploring the too-little-known beauties of that delightful region. The hotel which takes its name from the mountain and nestles in the great elbow of Slieve Donard is at the moment crammed with smart English and moneyed Americans, Colonel and Mrs. W. B. Forde, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, with their family, Sir William and Lady Pollitt, Sir William Hudson, with a party, and many other well-known people, being among the present company foregathered under the well-bestowed roof of the Slieve Donard Hotel. As a sporting centre for



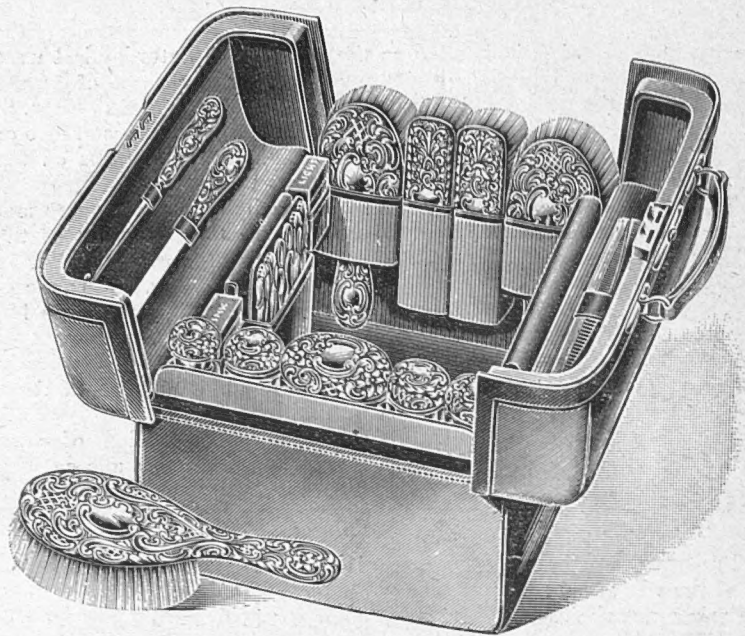
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A NEW STRAPPED COSTUME.

fishermen and others, the locality may be thoroughly recommended, while the comforts of its charming hostelry cannot be overrated.

Apropos of travellers and trotting far afield, the most practical departure known to us—the key, in fact, of one's comfort in going from

house to house or from one place to another—lies largely, it seems to me, in the possession of what is briefly known as a "suit-case." Its faults are few, and its virtues many, among which economy of space and



A DRESSING-BAG AT ALEXANDER CLARK'S.

compression of many conveniences are not the least. The special object I have in my mind was met on board a yacht last week. It hailed from Alexander Clark, of Regent Street. It took a couple of gowns and every toilette receptacle and accessory that could be named under the sun, and its price, with all these comforts and conveniences, was merely a modest eight guineas. The dressing-bag, of which an illustration is given, has been made a special feature, among others, by this enterprising firm, and is one of the most compact, complete, and moderately priced possessions which any man or maiden might desire, to boot.

A special series of devices and departures for the greater amelioration of travelling has been introduced by Alexander Clark into the question of the dressing-bag, and voyagers well know how carefully controlled their comforts are by such a hide-bound *vade-mecum*. In the matter of silver plate, this old-established and notable firm is familiarly known also to its London and Sheffield public, while cutlery is no less a feature than Alexander Clark's famous "Welbeck" plate; and in their silver plate the very highest English workmanship is united by them to an extraordinary moderation in price. Some new departures in "Welbeck" plate—vegetable-dishes and soup-tureens—will especially appeal to the young housekeeper, and there are *café-au-lait* and liqueur sets of various designs and unvarying elegance which should easily decide the question of how to spend a stray bank-note in the most practical and pleasing manner, while biscuit-stands, brandy-and-soda dittos, breakfast-services, and a thousand quaint departures in claret-jugs or wine-decanter show the care which is given to the designing of every item in our daily needs by this eminent firm. A dessert-stand which is a faithful copy of one of the best Georgian designs would impart its own order of daintiness to any dinner-table. But there are a hundred other alluring trifles beside scattered about the counter of 188, Oxford Street, which would well repay the country cousin who finds himself in the Hymeneal region of Buszard, across the way from which the Alexander Clark premises are situated.

A white embroidered cambric net at a garden-party this week struck me as being a particularly smart and uncommon version of the milk-white robe which one sees on the lily-white maid of the moment. The bodice had straight-hanging stole-ends, which fell below the waist and disclosed a full front of daintily frilled white mousseline. The tight-fitting skirt, which just touched the ground, was elaborately embroidered in Louis Quinze openwork bows, through which the white silk under-skirt showed. White washing-silk fringes edged the tunic and bodice, giving an air of *chic* which does not often accompany the white cambric of our present classics.

The wearer of this dainty garment had two little girls under her youthful maternal wing, most beautifully dressed to match their mother *en miniature*. Children's dresses, as a matter of fact, have followed the fashions of the grown-ups this season. Their little skirts are less full, their sleeves less puffed. The style known by Parisian mothers as "the American" is really the best. The square or round yoke, set into the long skirt above the waist, gives children the necessary freedom for running about.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

CLEOPATRA.—I do not know if I am supposed to take your letter seriously or otherwise. Assuming that the former is what you wish, however, I have asked two distinguished travellers, who both inform me that you can purchase your heart's desire for so many pounds sterling in several parts of Morocco. Tetuan is a noted centre for such transactions, as, should you arrive at this place in your travels, you will doubtless discover for yourself. I shall be interested to know results, so pray keep me informed.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

LOOKING ROUND.

Stock Exchange business has quieted down very much since the August Bank Holiday, and the month is likely to bring forth nothing of any great consequence. The Transvaal question and the position of money hold the keys of the situation. The former is not likely to be finally settled



SEGAMA RIVER, NORTH BORNEO, WHERE THE ALLUVIAL GOLD IS FOUND.

for many weary weeks, and the latter is causing much perplexity, even in the best-informed circles. While the general volume of trade throughout the country is exceptionally good, the Stock Exchange has, as yet, scarcely felt the effect of the prosperity, but its turn will come when the world gets back to town again. The promoters are reckoning upon a busy autumn, and numberless new issues are on the stocks preparatory to a public revival of interest in financial matters. In the meantime, however, there are very few emissions being made. Here and there a Copper Company dawdles out, and an occasional West Australian is put forward as a *ballon d'essai*, but serious business in this line is holding back until the holidays are over. We hope that none of our readers were led into buying Hannan's Associated Mines shares on the strength of an advertised rise that appeared in the papers the other day. If a thing is going up, the people who know about it don't go and advertise the fact as a rule.

For the pictures which we publish we are indebted to the British North Borneo Company, from whose recently issued book they are taken. The first train in North Borneo was run on Feb. 3 last year, and the railway is drawing around its banks large numbers of rice-planters. Our other illustration shows a view on the Segama River, where gold was found so long ago as 1812, but which has never been properly dredged until the present time.

THE MONEY MARKET.

It is seldom that the position of money attracts much attention in the dog-days, but it is quite the reverse this year. The Money Market has been a thorn in the side of the investment departments since the end of the half-year, and even now the probable course of money is more perplexing than ever. New York, upon whose action so much depends, sends us surprises every week, and the Bank of England appears to be afraid to take any decided step in the direction that makes for dearer money. It will be remembered that the Bank Rate was advanced immediately after the half-year, which is an unusual course to say the least of it, and the prophets have since then read in this alteration dire forebodings of what may follow in the autumn, should gold begin to flow across the Atlantic to any large extent. Germany is another disquieting factor in the situation. It is popularly believed in the Stock Exchange that Germany is a heavy "bull" of Americans, the Germans having been led into buying Yankees after their highly successful operations in Canadian Pacifics. If this is the case, a strong demand might spring up on any Account-Day for gold for the Fatherland, where the loose cash has mostly been locked up in Industrials. Russia is not doing much in the Money Market for the time being, while the supply and demand for France are normal.

The Consol Market, of course, thoroughly dislikes the situation, which it can read with no more certainty than Lombard Street. "Goschens" have steadily declined, a concatenation of circumstances combining to lower the price. There is that oft-repeated assertion of ours that Consols are not intrinsically worth their present price, in view of the reduction of interest in 1903, and the subsequent repayment at par twenty years after. Then the market scarcely knows yet how the suspension of the Sinking Fund is going to work out. The guaranteeing of certain Crown Colonies' debts will materially enlarge the area for strict Trust investments, and, to crown everything, here is the faint prospect of a 5 per cent. Bank Rate in October, and a drain to New York and Germany. Certainly the outlook for trustees with money to invest is not a particularly happy one.

For our part, we should not care to predict that 5 per cent. minimum of which some pessimists are talking; but, all the same, it appears to us that dearer money in the near future is a thing to be reckoned with in selecting investments. It would be advisable to keep clear of the higher-priced varieties at the moment, and to select some 2½ per cent. stock under par, such as can be found among the London County Council loans, for example, in preference to Consols or 4 per cent. Railway Preferences. The result in all likelihood would show a great advantage in the conservation of the capital invested.

BANK SHARES.

From the Money Market to the Bank Market is a natural transition, for the two are, of course, linked more closely than the Siamese Twins ever were. It is about a year since we pointed out the attractive nature of this class of investment to those who were not afraid of assuming the liability which attaches to the best Bank shares. Since then a gradual rise has taken place in nearly every instance, and it becomes desirable to discuss whether the time has arrived to take advantage of the advance.

We do not think that it has arrived. The dividends and reports of the largest London banks have now made their appearance, and the satisfactory nature of the distributions and reports has reduced the Bank Market almost to the condition of some out-of-the-way Copper shares, where the dealers are "all one way." It is next to impossible to purchase London and County shares; we hear of not one, but several brokers who have orders to take whatever lots may come into the market, but the only shares for sale are occasional fives and tens which are offered at a fancy figure. It is very much the same with London and Westminster shares, and an order to buy one hundred practically sweeps the market for a week. Most of the shares have been carrying their dividends lately; that must be remembered when one asks why Bank shares are so difficult to buy. Investors always like to take their dividends before selling, and it is quite possible that the quoting ex-dividend of Counties, let us say, will bring in a few sellers. But if we are to have a period of dearer money—and there certainly appears a chance of it—Bank shares are sure to move up, the higher rate of interest enabling them to employ their money much more profitably than a low one. A real war-scare would, of course, seriously unsettle business in every direction; but of that we think there is little fear, and we are inclined to believe that the Bank Market is still one which is well worthy of recognition by the investor who can shake off the liability prejudice.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

The Home Railway department is settling down after its little flurry over the dividend time, and, to all appearances, the course of the market for the next few months will depend mostly upon the value of money. "This isn't what you would call a 'traffic market' any longer," remarked one of its jobbers to us the other day, and, continuing, he advised a careful study of Consols as affording the best index to the Heavy Railway Market in its present condition. Dear money is the particular *bête noire* of the brigade, and for a time, at all events, there seems to be a disposition on the part of the public to leave Home Rails alone, and rather to seek investments paying a higher rate of interest in the Industrial department. Midland Deferred is likely to go better, but there does not appear much scope for a rise in any of the other



THE FIRST TRAIN IN NORTH BORNEO.

"Heavies." Great Eastern Ordinary knows no bounds, and will probably touch the 150 to which its supporters are talking it. There is a positive enthusiasm noticeable in holders of this stock, such as one does not observe amongst the proprietors in other Railways, and the tenacity with which the stock is held is proved account after account by the rate of contango.

Among the Southern lines, we should not be a bit astonished to see a rise in Little Chathams. The stock has advanced very considerably since the joint-purse agreement with the South-Eastern, but the line is gradually turning the corner which it has baffled all the efforts of its directors to get round since its inception; and for people who can afford to buy the stock and lock it up during the next year or two, we consider Chathams a capital speculation. The company's interests are now being ably served; the traffic is expanding daily, as houses and shops spring up on both sides of its metals. Its coadjutor, the South-Eastern, is hardly making such strides as is the Chatham, but we look for a rise in Dover "A" at the end of this year, or the commencement of next, when the Paris Exhibition traffics begin to be discounted. The stocks of the two Underground companies are neglected. Unpleasant as it is to have to do it, we boldly confess that our advice to buy Metropolitan at 127 has, so far, turned out very badly. The acute disappointment of the market over the Great Central-Great Western Bill is, of course, the cause of the fall, an event which it was impossible to foresee; but we still maintain that the line has plenty of chances for doing well, and the present time is not the one to sell.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Almost the only echoes that are to be heard to-day are those of the Westralian Market, other departments of the House having relapsed into comparative noiselessness through want of business. Desperate efforts are made every now and then by dealers in the Kaffir Circus to stir up a semblance of activity in South Africans, but they mostly fail in the first five minutes. The possibility of war has never been very seriously considered—that is why prices keep their strength so remarkably—but every man's eye is turned to the day when the long-delayed Transvaal settlement shall be an accomplished fact. Then for the boom! It is to be hoped, however, that the market will not have to wait for its reward of patience so long as the old gentleman did who handed the South-Eastern railway-guard a half-ticket. The official looked puzzled. "Oh, it's all right," the veteran observed; "I was under age when I got into this train." When one begins to tell stories, who shall declare the end thereto? Two dealers in the East Rand Market were discussing the situation over their tea-and-cognac at Mabey's late night. One of them said that the Uitlanders had already put up with more ill-usage than any other people in the world would bear. "Yes," replied the other, and he began the story of Dean Hole's about the labourer who left his master because the latter treated him with such miserly harshness. "One day, the old cow died, and we had to eat her," said the son of the soil. "Then the old sow died, and we had to eat her too. Next thing that died was the Guvner's old woman, and then—I left!"

The House is becoming habitable once more, as it always does at this season of the year, when the general exodus takes place to Margate and Yarnouth and other places beloved of the Stock Exchange. The crowd in the Street breaks up early, and at half-past six a peaceful calm reigns over the ground once given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Christopher Throgmorton. No one who has not tried it can imagine the sense of repose that falls upon this eager, bustling street when the offices are closed and even the errand-boys gone home. The ceaseless flow of omnibuses up Old Broad Street is partly hushed, and one's mind wanders to Mr. Forbes, upon whose heart must surely be written the word "bus," if what he tells us at the Metropolitan District meetings does really represent his sentiments. According to the chairman, Districts should turn out a remarkably fine investment in a few years' time, but meanwhile the line has a very great deal to contend with, and the stock is not quite the sort of spec. that would commend itself to the operator who wants to pay his travelling expenses this holiday. I am told that Great Northern Deferred is much more likely to experience a sharp rise in the near future, and at 65½ the stock does not look very expensive. To return to the 'bus companies again, I should be inclined to dispose of my London General Omnibus Company stock if I held it, because the company appears to be at the zenith of its prosperity. More coaches it must be almost impossible to put on the streets—at least, one hopes it must be—and the only chance of expansion in the company's profits appears to me to lie in higher fares or a reduction in the price of fodder, both rather improbable events to happen. With electric traction on the Underground lines, some proportion of the 'bus passengers will assuredly disappear, and to change the investment for something else that possesses more scope for an advance in price would seem to be good business.

I wonder whether any of my Stock Exchange and City readers have ever noticed the curious old horse-trough that stands in Cornhill, scarce a hundred yards from the House, and passed every day by thousands of House-men on their way to lunch at the Gresham or City Carlton Clubs. It possesses quite a little history, and as it is just a century ago that it was rediscovered, a word or two about it is appropriate. In 1282—that is to say, 617 years ago—upon that spot there was built a House of Correction, and a well was added thereto by Mr. Henry Wallis, who was Mayor (not Lord Mayor) of London at the time. Somehow or other, after the House of Correction was swept away, the well became lost to sight, but in 1799 it was rediscovered, greatly enlarged, and received the important addition of a pump. To defray the cost of this work, subscriptions were contributed by the Bank of England, the East India Company, various insurance offices, besides bankers and merchants of the Ward of Cornhill. Considering the contributions, it might have been thought that enough money could have been collected to add a drinking-fountain, but the half-crowns, evidently, didn't go quite far enough for this, and a horse-trough is the only result of the united efforts.

From water let us turn to gas. The South Metropolitan Company's Ordinary stock, in my opinion, is an excellent purchase for the investor to whom 3½ per cent. and the prospect of a rise in capital value is sufficient attraction. The thoroughly enterprising way in which the concern is run is a standing reproach to the over-capitalised, mismanaged Gas Light and Coke Company, whose charges north of the Thames are enough to send everyone into the arms of the nearest electric-supply corporation. The finding of the Parliamentary Committee which sat to inquire into the Gas Light's little ways is too well known to need repetition, and I should advise the Company to alter its high and mighty tone of unctuous rectitude for the business-like ways of its competitor on the Surrey side. What a pity it seems that the South Metropolitan cannot be extended to the north! Gas Light Ordinary certainly pays a considerably higher rate of interest to the investor, but the stock can only be regarded as a speculative one, while South Metropolitan Ordinary is safe enough for the most nervous old gentleman, who, by the way, is usually much worse than the same variety in the feminine gender.

The name of Mr. Robert Barthropp is a household word in the Stock Exchange, and the sympathy of all his fellow-members goes out to him in his present affliction, which will probably prevent his ever entering the House again. The real root of the evil is to be found in Mr. Barthropp's intense devotion to work. Even when away recruiting in the South of France, a little while ago, he

had the Official List sent to him every night, and a letter accompanied it giving explanations of almost every mark that might interest him. His business was hardly ever out of his mind, and so he never really rested at all. The sad result is all too painfully apparent, and the place of the strong, robust-looking Mr. Barthropp is now vacant. His popularity is great all round the House, and many are the inquiries as to the course of the dreaded paralysis which has seized him. A speedy recovery, that is the hope and wish of every House-man who knows him in public or in private life.

West Australians are a capital market for jobbing in, but disappointing to those who prefer to be consistent "bulls." The popular advice of the market is to buy the high-priced things and to let the rubbish severely alone. I cannot say I much appreciate this idea, because the dearer shares seem to have reached quite a lofty enough altitude for the present, although Ivanhoes are likely to go to 20 and over. But the "rubbish" is distinctly more fascinating as a gamble, and, of the lower-priced shares, I hear very well of Boulder South, now standing at 3, and Boulder Main Reef, about 2½. People who have done well over my suggestions might profitably invest some of their profits in these two. I am just as anxious that my readers should make money as they are themselves, and am in complete accord with the *spirit* of that Dissenting minister who, on retiring from the field of his labours, brought his farewell peoration to a conclusion by exclaiming, "And if a spark of grace should have come to any of you through these humble efforts of mine, O brethren, I pray you, water that spark!"

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE GRAND TRUNK DIVIDEND.

While it failed to come up to the expectation of some of the optimists, the Grand Trunk's declaration of 1 per cent. for the half-year on the First Preference stock was considered as extremely good, and a smart rise took place in the various stocks of the company. Supposing that the directors are in a position to pay a further 3 per cent. on the stock at the end of the current half-year, which seems by no means unlikely to happen, Trunk Firsts will become something akin to an investment security, and the Guaranteed stock rank among gilt-edged varieties.

But, after the first jubilation was over, there came some searching of heart and traffic returns, and a good many people are now complaining that they had hoped for a better dividend than 1 per cent. instead of 2½ per cent. for the half-year. Some folks never are satisfied. Two years ago, these very same grumblers would have smiled pityingly at the idea of a 2 per cent. distribution on Firsts; and now, when the company has been pulled out of the slough of desolation into which it had been allowed to wallow for so long, those responsible for the altered conditions of things are reproached because they have not done better!

KRUGER ON KAFFIRS.

"No, Mrs. K., don't you talk to me about a Commission," growled the President, as he descended on the wrong side of his bed; "I tell you, I will have nothing to do with such a thing. Joe Chambermaid may bluster as much as he likes, but those Englishers don't want war any more than we do, and I guess we shall be able to hold out longest when it comes to palaver. What do I care for their mines and their rights? If they want fireworks to play with, they must pay for them; Why, they will be wanting me to give up my 'perks' over that next—in fact, the impudent creatures want to have the dynamite at a reasonable price now, they say. Why, it's absolutely —!" and the Presidential face dashed into the water as though the lips had nearly said something which was not allowed by Mrs. Kruger. The cold water may have had a soothing effect, for, after a vast amount of splashing, the next syllables came with more resignation than wrath. "I almost wish I were a 'bull' of Rand Mines," the President spluttered sadly. "I know that market is going better; Leyds told me so himself yesterday, and he ought to know, anyway. Of course, I mean to climb—no, I mean, to magnanimously extend a generous franchise, and all that kind of thing; but they make it so doocid difficult over there in Downing Street, else I might have let them have their own way long before this. But, look here, Mrs. Kruger, I promised you a new black silk last week, didn't I? Well, you buy yourself a hundred East Rands and see if you don't make enough money to buy the best trousseau in Pretoria. You may have to wait, of course; but any respectable broker will carry them over, and then—What is that, Jan? Yes, bloaters for breakfast. And the usual quantity of vinegar to drink."

Saturday, Aug. 12, 1899

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

COLONEL.—We do not think very much of the Scottish Company, but you can get better terms than the Post Office offers from some of the leading London offices. You will, we believe, find that the general rate of the safest institutions is about 8½ to 8¾ per cent.

S. R. W.—A sheer gamble. Spin a coin, and if it comes down heads, sell them; if tails, keep the shares.

LEWIS.—Your letter is answered in almost every issue of *The Sketch*. Canadian Pacific Preference, Commercial Gas Ordinary, Midland Deferred, and Whiteley Debentures would form a nice little quartette for your investment.

JERMYN.—We fear your only course is to hold, unless you can find a private buyer. There is absolutely no market in the Stock Exchange. Perhaps the secretary of the company might help you if you wrote to him.

CLARE.—We should not sell any Kaffirs at the present time, but your list of holdings stands you in so cheaply on the whole that we think you might vary it with a few other shares if you believe in the market, as we do. No. 4 appears to stand a good chance of a rise, and No. 7 is talked much better after the Special Settlement takes place next week.

B. W.—We regret to say that both are unsaleable at present.

MARMION.—Our last word is to advise you to keep your Trunk Guaranteed, but perhaps it would be as well for you to invest the next egg in something a little more gilt-edged.